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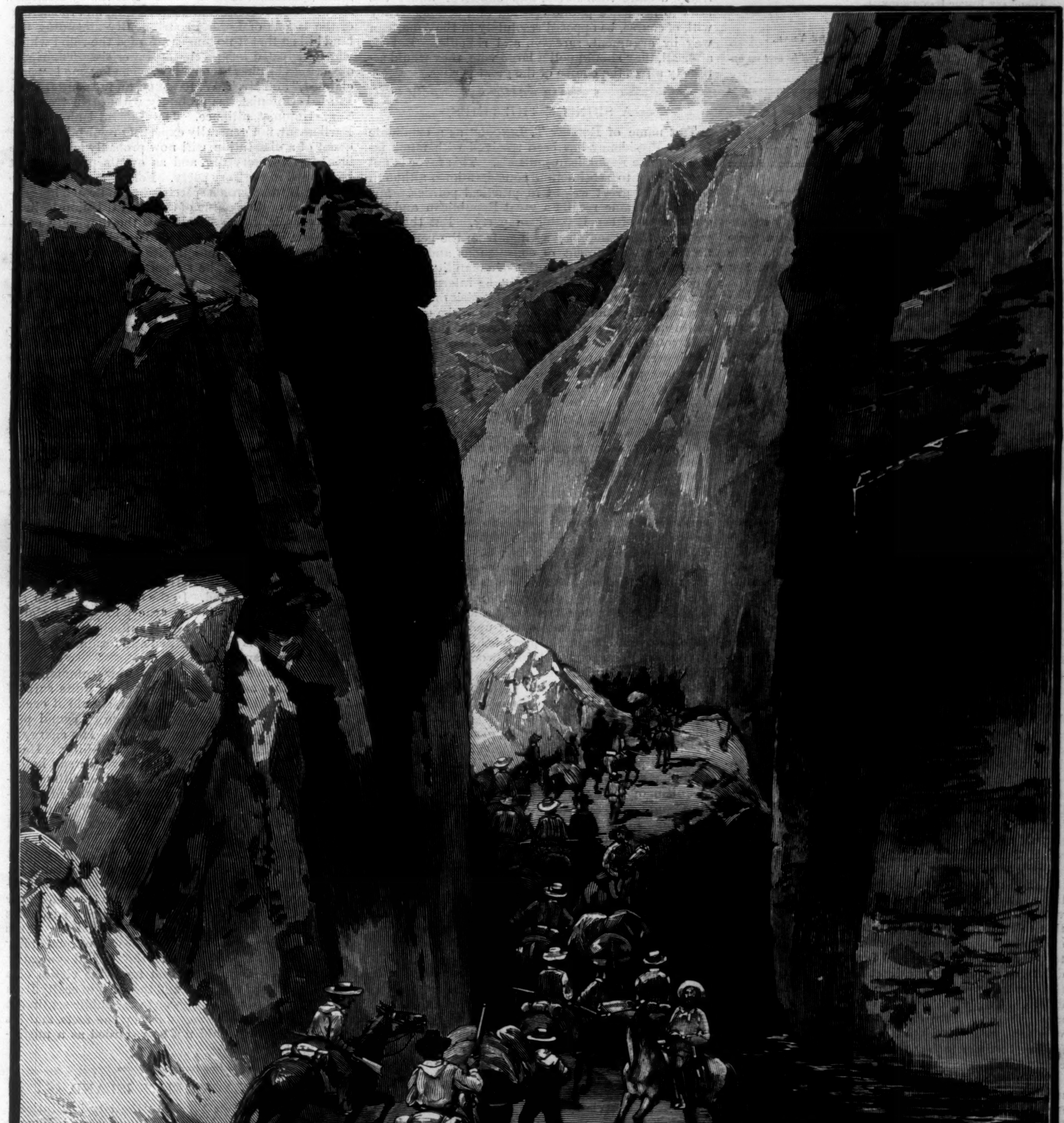

IN PURSUIT OF COLOROW.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 635.]

"Its standard is higher than that of any weekly publication for the young."—*Boston Globe.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for August 30 contains the second and concluding part of MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S *pretty story of "Rose-in-the-Woods," with an illustration by* C. D. WELDON; *and the seventh instalment of "Derrick Sterling," with a handsomely engraved full-page illustration.*

"The Shark Light-House" is the title of a pretty story by LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON; *"The Story of a Shadow" is a fable by* MARY A. LATHBURY, *with two illustrations by the author.*

The principal illustration is a front-page engraving, after a drawing by W. A. ROGERS, *entitled*

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

It accompanies an article entitled "Canoeing in Quick Waters," by the Commodore of the New York Canoe Club.

"A Modern Hero" is the title of a short sketch of the life of the late MISSIONARY BISHOP HANNINGTON.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

THE NEW PARTY.

THE nomination of HENRY GEORGE for Secretary of State in New York introduces a newly organized force into the politics of the State, and a force whose power is as yet altogether incalculable. The vote for Mr. GEORGE in the Mayoralty election last year was surprisingly large, and notwithstanding the Socialist defection it is fair to presume that it will be large throughout the State this autumn. The movement is very important, because the vote of the State is very nearly equally divided between the two great parties, and as the GEORGE vote in the city was 68,000, it is not at all improbable that it may reach at least 40,000 or 50,000 in the State—a vote which would plainly affect the result in the national election next year. The anticipations of Mr. GEORGE himself, as stated in the *Standard* before his nomination, were very rosy. In 1878, when GIDEON J. TUCKER was a Greenback candidate for the Court of Appeals, he received 73,145 votes outside of the city, and it is estimated by the *Standard* that after the zealous propaganda of the Labor party its candidate will receive in the State certainly not less votes than were cast for Mr. TUCKER, and it calmly mentions 250,000 as a number of votes that would not be surprising.

The electoral vote of New York will be undoubtedly necessary for the successful Presidential candidate next year. In 1884, according to the New York *Tribune*, the election "turned upon the votes of a few hundred believers in civil service reform in Northern States." The decisive votes of this kind were in New York, and they gave Mr. CLEVELAND the small plurality which elected him. A few votes, therefore, are of the utmost importance, and it is a question of great interest whether the Labor vote in New York will more affect the Republican or the Democratic party. The friendly and flattering tone of the *Tribune* in commenting upon the GEORGE movement shows that it believes the loss will fall upon the Democrats. The Labor estimate of the proportion of its strength drawn from the old parties is about eight Democratic to five Republican votes. Unless, therefore, the new party is a mere phantom, it is sure to cast all calculations into confusion, and to throw the result of the national election into great doubt. There is one consideration, however, which is very important, and not to be forgotten. Just in the degree that the conviction is strong and general that the Labor vote will be probably large, there will be a disposition to maintain the actual situation and to prevent change. There were a great many Republicans in the city last year who voted for the Democratic candidate, as against an excellent Republican, to prevent the possibility even of a large vote for the Labor candidate. The same conservative instinct will lead many Republicans who are not zealous politicians to vote next year to maintain a situation which is satisfactory to them rather than to run the risk of any change whatever.

The new party in New York therefore gives unusual interest to the State election of this year. The ordinary Labor party vote has been about 13,000. But that was before the movement had crystallized about HENRY GEORGE, who is the first able leader of high personal character whom the movement has produced. He has separated it definitely from Socialism, which he holds to be an un-American movement, without root in American convictions, traditions, or habits. The proceedings in the Convention showed Mr. GEORGE'S complete ascendency over his own friends, as distinguished from the Socialists, and from the social philosopher of whom we spoke last week he has become, for this campaign at least, a political leader. His sincerity and enthusiasm undoubtedly give a great impetus to his cause. But his confidence that a proposition to regenerate society by throwing the entire burden of taxation upon land values, exclusive of improvements, will be supported by the body of rural land-holders and cultivators who are the strength of this country, is unquestionably doomed to disappointment. His other proposition, to extend the area of works that should be undertaken by the public instead of being left to individual risk and enterprise, is more comprehensible and practicable. Thus the projects of postal banks and of a national telegraph are not new, and are strongly advocated by many most intelligent citizens. There is no occasion for panic because of the new organization, nor for regarding Mr. GEORGE as a Rawhead and Bloodybones. It is better for the whole community that every body of citizens who feel themselves to be aggrieved, or who cherish any views whose practical application they think to be of general benefit, should freely declare themselves, and endeavor under the laws to influence public opinion and action. They will, of course, be opposed resolutely in the American way by argument, sarcasm, and ridicule. But if, after all, they should poll a large vote, they would seriously affect the course of the great parties.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE name of ROBERT T. LINCOLN as a candidate for the Presidency has been received with much favor by some Republican journals. This favor is not due wholly to sentimental considerations, although they are of great weight in practical politics. Mr. LINCOLN'S name recalls a great Republican and the great days of the Republican party. But the suggestion of his candidacy springs from the perception that the abandonment of conspicuous and familiar candidates, and the nomination of a man little known, but of favorable prestige, might be interpreted as a desire of the party to return to the spirit of its earlier and better days, and so arouse some of the old moral enthusiasm, and perhaps recall some of the Independent vote of 1884. In the present state of public feeling, however, it is not evident that it would be politic to oppose a candidate little known to the country to one who will challenge support upon the ground of universal public knowledge of his character and career. Should Mr. CLEVELAND be renominated, he would be his own platform. He would be judged by his administration, and as against that standard there would be personally little but hope and trust and good feeling by which to measure a candidate comparatively unknown.

Mr. LINCOLN was an excellent Secretary of War, as Mr. ENDICOTT is now. But such excellence would not be supposed to make Mr. ENDICOTT a strong candidate for the Presidency. Mr. LINCOLN'S chief advantage would be the fact that we have mentioned. His nomination might be viewed as a wish to discard Mr. BLAINE as the distinctive representative of the Republican spirit, character, and tendency. He would be taken upon trust, indeed, but upon trust that his personal character, and a party behind him disposed to conform to its good traditions, would assure a clean and honest administration. This would be the public confidence which would elect him, if he should be elected. But how far this confidence might extend is difficult to estimate. The general course of the Republican party since the election of 1884 has not tended to make any Independent voter regret his vote against the Republican candidate; and if, as there have been so many apparent proofs, the Republicanism of to-day is synonymous with Blaineism, no Republican candidate would recall the votes that were lost in '84. The question therefore would be how far the repudiation of Mr. BLAINE as a candidate would mean repudiation of the spirit and tendency which shook the faith as well as alienated the support of Republicans in '84.

The Republican doctrine in regard to Presidents, as now strenuously urged by the Republican press, and as Senator MORTON stated it in 1872 when the *Tribune* and various noted Republicans Mugwumped and left the party upon the renomination of General GRANT, is that no man and no President is stronger than his party. If this be true, a vote for Mr. LINCOLN would be simply a vote for the Republican party, and under the circumstances that might be a vote in the dark. Moreover, upon the general principle that a party may be properly judged by its freely chosen candidates and representatives, it would seem to be essential that candidates should be well known in order that the true party feeling and drift may be understood. In this view, the inquiry would be pertinent whether there is no Republican candidate who, as being much more generally and personally known, would indicate a changed party position more satisfactorily than Mr. LINCOLN. But the question which is sometimes addressed by Republicans to Mugwumps, "If you don't want us to nominate Mr. BLAINE, why don't you say what Republican you would support?" is merely equivalent to saying, "If you won't promise us your votes, we won't even pretend to be a reform party." That does not seem to be a promising way to win votes. The duty of honest Republicans is not to try to bargain for votes, but to make a nomination which could not be opposed upon personal grounds like that of Mr. BLAINE. Such a course might not recall the Mugwump vote, because the whole political situation has changed. But it would place the Republican party in a better position than the nomination of a candidate upon the assurance of Mugwump support. For many reasons the prospect of the renomination of Mr. BLAINE seems to be less probable than it was a few months since, and the favorable consideration of Mr. LINCOLN is a significant sign of the times. It is the more significant when viewed in the light of the allusion of the Republican *Telegraph* in Philadelphia to "the *Tribune*, which, if it cannot have BLAINE, is ready to accept CLEVELAND."

THE ENGLISH SITUATION.

THE political situation in England is rapidly changing. A few months ago the ascendency of the Tory Ministry seemed to be assured. But the by-elections showed a significant change of feeling, and the action of the House of Lords in stringently amending the land bill so that it no longer afforded the relief which was anticipated has precipitated a crisis. The rigorous crimes bill has become law. The League is "proclaimed," and Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, an influential Irish Liberal-Unionist, has promptly withdrawn from the Tory-Unionist alliance. The Liberal-Unionists in Parliament, not generally expecting re-election in the event of a dissolution, will now probably support the Ministry unreservedly, and as events proceed must be merged in the Tory party. For some time the tone of Lord HARTINGTON'S speeches has indicated his consciousness of the decline of the Liberal-Union feeling, and as the Irish question is now the dominant political issue, there seems to be no good reason that he should not make his union with the party whose policy upon the subject he supports as intimate and effective as possible.

Apparently under the crimes act the expression of political opinions exposes an Irishman to imprisonment, while the hardship arising from the inability to pay rents is not to be relieved. This is a situation which cannot endure unless English opinion plainly approves it, with the evident purpose of enforcing its approval. This, however, is obviously not the case. English feeling is reacting in favor of Ireland. Mr. PARNELL, upon the proclamation of the League, spoke of the signal illustration of this change afforded by the decision of English members of Parliament to attend the anti-coercion meeting at Dublin and enroll themselves as members of the proclaimed League. He regards the proclamation as a sign of Tory desperation, and therefore anticipates serious suffering in Ireland. But evidently he does not anticipate insurrection or general disorder, and he relies confidently upon the continued sympathy of American opinion and the support of the Irish in America. It would be unfortunate if Mr. PARNELL'S expectations should be disappointed. In the existing situation, the utmost forbearance is the true policy for Ireland. For, however great the actual suffering may be, resistance which is not organized and formidable would tend to check sympathy.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S position is now commanding. His sanguine anticipations seem to be quite sure of fulfilment, and his return to power, should it occur, would be a personal triumph almost beyond precedent. His vigor is extraordinary. His energy is unflagging. His resources are astonishing. He is constantly in the public eye, and every week he delivers speeches, elaborate and exhaustive, with no evidence of diminishing power, and with fresh and youthful enthusiasm. Fashionable London, the clubs, society, noted Englishmen in all departments, regard him with deep hostility. But his popular hold is not only unrelaxed, but strengthening. The contest which he is waging has a certain moral grandeur. In his view it is not a struggle for imperial dismemberment, as his opponents allege, but it is an effort for the final settlement of the oldest of British troubles in the happy and assured union of the empire. It is because he proposes to establish the union upon amity and content that he commands the general sympathy of America. The theory that he is the victim of a morbid personal ambition and the dupe of crafty Irish revolutionists does not appear to the public sentiment of this country to be sustained by the facts, and his return to power would not be regarded as a misfortune for England.

AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

THE pride of New York in "the city institutions" at Blackwell's Island must be deeply wounded by the report to the State Board of Charities. That report represents a situation which is disgraceful, and which the city cannot allow to continue. It is, moreover, a statement which cannot be suspected of any sinister personal or political motive. Its sole aim is to ascertain the truth for the purpose of necessary and wholesome improvement. The population of a great city like New York increases so rapidly, and with so large a proportion of the criminal classes, that its penal and charitable resources are easily outrun. Its political system tends to corrupt the management of its workhouses, hospitals, and prisons, and the rapidly growing demand for the larger expense of mainten-

ance tends to abuses of every kind by making their correction more difficult. Meanwhile the State Board of Charities fully vindicates the wisdom of its existence by making public the actual situation of the great system of public reformatory institutions. Without such publicity their condition would easily become frightful. There are no more painful chapters in modern history than those which record the condition of such institutions in England during the last century, and the surest way of avoiding such horrors in this country is the constant turning on of the light of publicity.

The workhouse on Blackwell's Island contains decently 1250 persons, and no more. But during the last year there has been an average number of 1400 huddled together, of all ages, of both sexes, of every degree of criminality, and without a proper force of officers to keep order. Instead of a reformatory, such an institution is a nursery of crime. It makes other and larger prisons necessary, and tends to render all imprisonment hopeless. The women are apparently permitted free communication with the world outside, and unrestricted intercourse among themselves. Their department is consequently a hot-house of vice, as a former matron testifies. The workhouse is used as a jail. Offenders and vagrants are committed incessantly, and for the shortest terms—often five or ten days. The sole result achieved is to separate them for that time from their usual haunts, and to return them worse than before. Enormous sums of money are expended for no good purpose whatever, and all from a want of intelligent comprehension of the subject, and a proper system to secure the normal results of the care of paupers and of penal imprisonment.

Intelligent reform, therefore, is the first necessity of the situation, and it is what the Board of Charities proposes. It suggests to the Mayor of New York—and it is fortunate that New York has a Mayor who can fully understand the reason of the recommendation and sympathize with it—that he should prepare a bill, to be presented to the Legislature, enabling the city authorities to erect two reformatories, one for men and the other for women, and that certain conditions of age and differences of grading or classification among the inmates should be established, with indeterminate sentences, and power of discharge upon probation. Such recommendations upon such a subject from the present Board of Charities may be received by the public with the utmost confidence. They are the result of sincere interest and sympathy, and of familiarity with the results of the best experience upon the subject everywhere. Penal and pauper care are as much subjects of scientific investigation and treatment as bodily disease, and the counsel of disinterested experts must have the greatest influence with an intelligent Legislature. Not only the good name of the city, but the interests of humanity are concerned in a prompt and complete change in the management and condition of the city workhouse.

THE REVEREND HEMAN LINCOLN.

THE Reverend HEMAN LINCOLN, a professor in the Baptist Seminary at Newton, Massachusetts—a religious institution of high character—is also a very ardent partisan of Mr. BLAINE. In the latter capacity he writes occasional letters to the Boston *Journal* upon politics and persons, which, we are very sorry to say, show a wanton disregard of truth, and illustrate in the most striking way the utter recklessness of mere party spirit. Some of Mr. LINCOLN's letters that we have seen consist mainly of misrepresentations of fact in regard to Independent voters, and especially of the friends of civil service reform, and in exposing one such misrepresentation we shall show honest Republicans the kind of falsehood to which their apparently respectable leaders resort to malign those from whom they differ. The name of the Reverend HEMAN LINCOLN is attached to the recent Republican appeal to the prohibitionists in that State, of which Dr. MINER says, "Had it no clerical names attached, it would be a less palpable affront to the Christian conscience of the commonwealth." The same remark applies to the letters which Mr. LINCOLN writes to the *Journal*. In one of the latest of them he says of the President of the National Civil Service Reform League that at the annual meeting of last year

"he resorted to a ruse which elsewhere than in a Convention of model reformers would have been called a cunning dodge. In his opening speech as President he apologized for silence on the acts of the Administration, because it was his duty, as chairman of a committee appointed for this purpose, to make an elaborate report. The report was looked for eagerly, but it never came. It would have been fatal to President CLEVELAND's claims as a reformer, and Independent pride in the candidate of their choice was stronger than Independent honesty."

Here is a distinct public charge of dishonesty against certain gentlemen, based upon the unqualified statement of an untruth. But Mr. LINCOLN not only states what is not true, but what he was morally bound to know not to be true. For no man is justified in imputing dishonesty to his neighbors without careful investigation, and in this case the slightest desire to know the truth would have led Mr. LINCOLN to inquire, and thus have held his pen, or have made his statement not only false, but consciously false. Mr. LINCOLN says that the promised report never came, and that it was a dishonest pretence. The truth is that the report, after a care for accuracy in the preparation which Mr. LINCOLN would do well to emulate, was given to the Associated Press, and it was published more or less fully, with editorial comment, in all the chief papers in Boston and elsewhere, at the end of March. It makes a pamphlet of forty pages, covering the whole subject. One of its conclusions was quoted in the annual address before the League this year in these words:

"Much has been done of which, as friends of reform, we have frankly expressed our unequivocal disappointment, and much also which has justified the high expectations which were based upon the declarations of the President before his inauguration. The future action of the Administration upon this subject, therefore, will be watched with profound interest as determining the final public judgment of its relation to civil service reform."

These are not the words of thick and thin apologists of the President, or dishonest defenders of his course. The report alluded farther to the apprehension of some earnest friends of reform that before the close of the Administration a complete partisan change in the service might be effected, and it declared that the failure of the Administration in this respect would not affect the value and significance of the progress already achieved by reform. This report was signed, besides the chairman of the committee, by Mr. SCHURZ, Mr. CODMAN, Mr. WAYNE MACVEAGH, Mr. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, Mr. CHARLES C. ALLEN, and Mr. WILLIAM POTTS. This is the report which the Reverend HEMAN LINCOLN says "never came," and the promise of which he describes as a "ruse" and a "cunning dodge." Mr. LINCOLN is a fitting leader of BLAINE politics in Massachusetts.

This is an illustration of the way in which a clergyman vents his wrath upon his fellow-citizens who declined to support for the Presidency a man whom they believed to have trafficked in his official place for his private advantage.

THE RELEASE OF INDEMNITY LANDS.

THE release of nearly 30,000,000 acres of indemnity land for purposes of actual settlement is in accord with the general principles laid down in the President's letter upon the case of GUILFORD MILLER's farm. Secretary LAMAR, in a careful review of the acts of Congress and of all the circumstances, and after hearing the views of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company, decides that he has full authority, and that "the time has arrived when public policy and justice demand the withdrawal should be revoked, and some regard had for the rights of those seeking and needing homes on the public domain."

The action of preceding Administrations is characterized by the Secretary as follows:

"This department, charged with the administration of the land laws, acted with the utmost, if not questionable, liberality when it withdrew the land in the indemnity belt—a liberality which Congress declined to exhibit. This liberality was further shown by the fact that the indemnity lands were withdrawn long before a mile of road was built, and continued withdrawn long after the time prescribed by law for its construction had expired; and more than liberality is shown in that, during the period of said withdrawals, the company is allowed to present and have approved by the local officers its list of selections without giving public notice of any kind, whilst the pre-emption or homestead settler, though his residence upon and cultivation of his land has been open and notorious for years, is compelled to give thirty days' notice by advertisement and posting before he is allowed to show by proof a right to his home, so that any one interested may appear and protest on the day named against said proof or contest his right. And the department is not now to be charged with injustice or illiberality because it does not propose to keep in perpetual reservation a territory of such vast extent as was withdrawn for the benefit of this road."

In reply to the protest of the company the Secretary asks whether it is to be supposed that Congress had ever made the grant on condition that the company might build its road at such times and in such parts as it might choose, and adds:

"Yet this is exactly what the company now insists Congress has done, with the further assertion that though the company may violate every specification of its contract, the government is bound in equity not only to carry out the contract on its side, but to guarantee to it a monopoly for an indefinite period of a vast part of the public domain not contemplated by the grant. I do not so understand either the law or the equity of the case."

This decision applies only to the Atlantic and Pacific roads, but the grants to other roads are under consideration. It marks undoubtedly the end of the system of enormous land grants to railroads, and will be generally and cordially approved. There has been undoubtedly great abuse of a practice which under proper conditions may be very desirable. But public attention has now been aroused so thoroughly that no grants will be made hereafter except upon the strictest inquiry, and upon stringent conditions satisfactory to public sentiment.

RESTRICTION AGAINST PROHIBITION.

DR. MINER's reply to the appeal of Massachusetts Republicans against support of the Prohibition party confirms what we have said of the failure to comprehend that Prohibition Republicans are not moderate drinkers, nor high license supporters, but "anti-rum in the sense that Garrisonian abolitionists were antislavery. The effort to represent the Republican party as the effective party of all the good causes of which it speaks politely in its platform is idle. The prohibitionists are not men who desire as much anti-saloon legislation as they are likely to obtain from a party which wishes here and there to propitiate the saloon interest. They demand prohibition, and as there is already an organized party to secure that end, and as they believe it to be the chief public end now to be sought, they support that party.

This is the essential fact of the situation, which the Republican appeal disregards. When the Liberty party was organized it was useless to advise the Free-soilers to support one of the old parties on the ground that it did as much as could be done for the cause. It was because the Liberty party men did not believe it that they formed their party. It is because prohibitionists do not believe that the Republican party will do upon the subject what they think ought to be done, and can be done, that they have organized the Prohibition party.

That party is one of the disintegrating party forces now in operation. It will lead to a definite distinction between temperance men and prohibitionists, and when that distinction is acknowledged by Republicans, they will not appeal to third party men or prohibitionists; they will appeal to temperance men as against prohibitionists. Their argument will be that restriction is a better policy for the general welfare than prohibition. The latent argument of the ordinary Republican appeal to prohibitionists is that the party is moving slowly toward prohibition. But it is doing nothing of the kind, and both sides know it. The Republican is honestly a party of restriction. But it is not, and it never will be, a party of prohibition.

PERSONAL.

MRS. HENDRICKS, the widow of the late Vice-President, assures anxious politicians that her husband's correspondence will not be published. In the first place, she would not publish such a book under any circumstances, and in the second, Mr. HENDRICKS never kept damaging letters. His wife went over five trunks of papers once looking for letters from politicians, but failed to find them. Unfortunately other public men or their heirs have not this appreciation of the sacredness of private correspondence.

—Chicago has no prouder citizen than Mr. FRANK A. COLLIER, who succeeded in obtaining an audience with the Queen of England at Osborne for the purpose of presenting a Jubilee address from the Chicago citizens of British birth to her Majesty. Mr. COLLIER's success has brought him many compliments, for of the 8000 addresses of a similar character that the Queen was asked to hear personally, his was the only one she consented to receive.

—MURAT HALSTEAD is in Europe enjoying a vacation. He is now fifty-eight years of age, and does not look forty-eight. He is tall, broad-shouldered, very straight, with a stout, well-rounded figure. His features are clean cut; his color is fresh and clear, indicating high health. His eyes are bright, blue, and sparkling; his nose is a Roman; his forehead is high and broad; a snowy-white crisp military mustache and imperial adorn his alert, resolute-looking face. Buttoned up in the black frock-coat, under a high silk hat, he is seen everywhere about London.

—Miss CHARLOTTE MORRILL, who has been spoken of as a possible successor to Miss FREEMAN as President of Wellesley, is Secretary of the Adelphi Academy, of Brooklyn. She is a fine-looking woman, with a clear, healthy complexion, bright eyes, and dark hair. She has a quick smile, is a brilliant talker, and is the personification of common-sense and good-will, and has been actively engaged in educational work for years.

—Mr. EDISON's latest invention is the "pyromagnetic dynamo," a machine for producing electricity directly from fuel. If this invention turns out as satisfactorily as Mr. EDISON has reason to expect, every house can be lighted by electricity by simply utilizing the waste heat in stoves and furnaces.

—Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON has been to see GEORGE MEREDITH, the author of *Diana of the Crossways*, and other striking novels, and describes him as a handsome man between fifty and sixty. He has iron-gray hair and a most expressive and interesting face. He quite realized her preconceived ideal of what he ought to be. He is large and tolerant of nature, genial and unaffected, and to the last degree witty and brilliant in conversation.

—President CLEVELAND writes all his letters and addresses with his own hand. He tried dictating to a stenographer some time ago, but found that it bothered him, and that he could do his work much more satisfactorily in the good old-fashioned way.

—HENRY W. SLOCUM, Jun., of Brooklyn, the leading lawn-tennis player of the season, is twenty-three years old, and the son of General SLOCUM, who distinguished himself in the late civil war. In the past two months young SLOCUM has won every tournament he has participated in, and not even lost one set during that time, and he has met nearly every player of prominence in this country.

—GEORGE STAYNER, who is getting a good deal of unpleasant fame from his connection with HENRY S. IVES, came to New York twenty-five years ago with a patent he got from another man. It was a lathe for printing the filigree on the back of bank-notes. The American Bank-note Company bought it from him for a good round sum in cash and a certain amount in stock, and so STAYNER got his first start in a great city.

—Professor S. P. LANGLEY, of Pennsylvania, will succeed the late Professor BAIRD as Secretary and Director of the Smithsonian Institution. The salary of this office is $5000—enough for the wants of a scientific man, no doubt, but not more than half the pay of the superintendent of a dry-goods store.

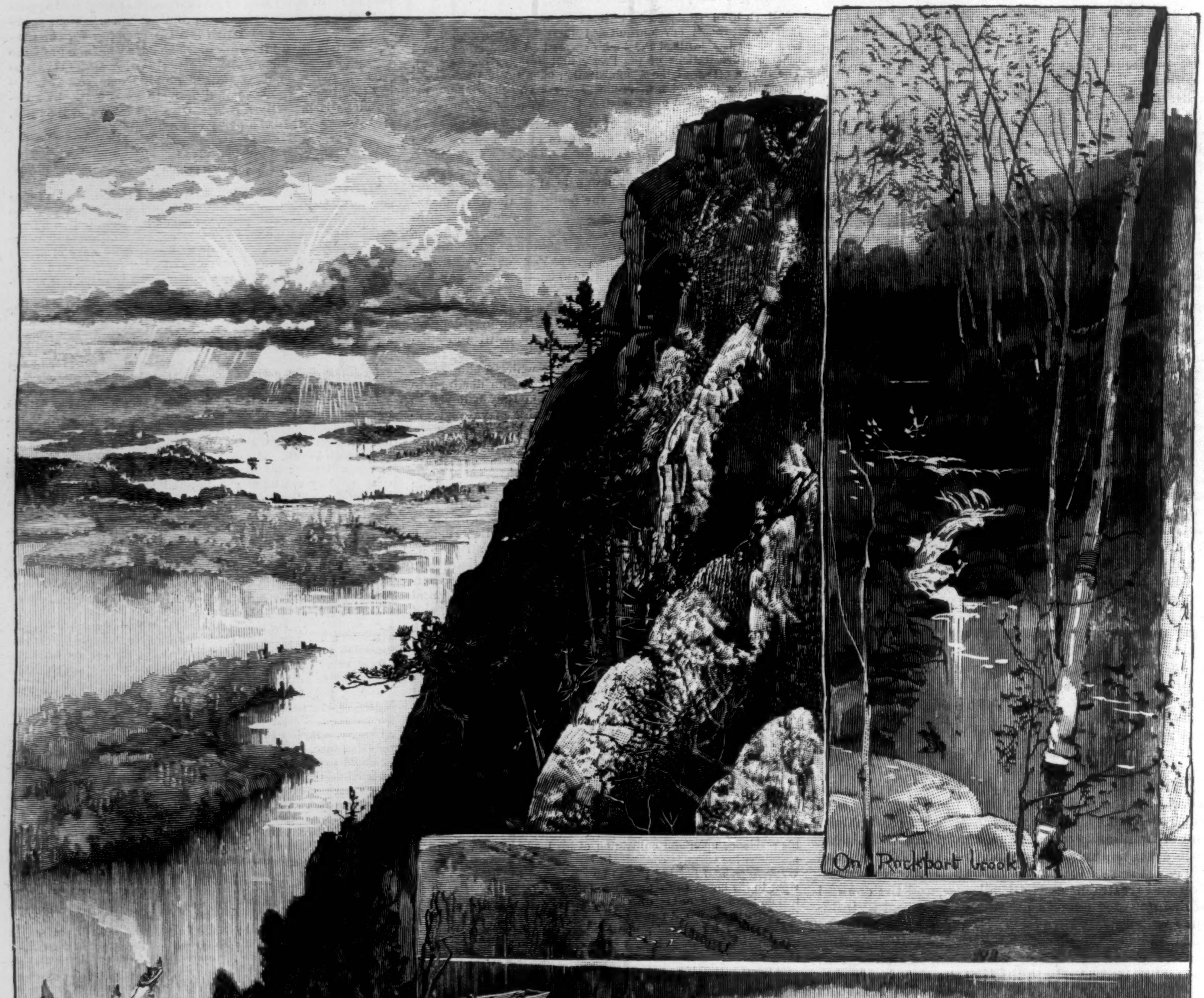
—Mrs. HANCOCK says that once when the General felt called upon to entertain half a dozen Sioux chieftains she helped him in his task by playing the piano for them. The music evidently had power to please if not to "soothe the savage," for immediately negotiations commenced through an interpreter to purchase the "big Captain's" squaw, along with the "music table." Beads, robes, and blankets were first offered for the exchange. When the "big Captain" rejected these, supposing the inducements were not sufficient, they added ponies to an increased number of robes and trinkets of all kinds. Their indignation and dissatisfaction were apparent, and quickly made evident by their leaving the house in Indian file, without a glance here or there, seeming deaf to the interpreter's appeals to return.

—ISAIAH V. WILLIAMSON, a Quaker, is said to be the richest man in Philadelphia, and the richest bachelor in the United States. He is eighty-five years old, and worth $20,000,000. Mr. WILLIAMSON, until very recently, used to walk to his place of business, or ride in the street-cars if the weather was bad. Now he is obliged to ride in his carriage, and to depend upon the strong arm of a servant; but he gets about and goes to his office daily, notwithstanding his age and weakness.

—Captain JACK CRAWFORD, who succeeded Buffalo Bill as chief of scouts of the United States army, is a poet as well as an Indian fighter. Captain JACK is now in New York city seeing a volume of his poems through the press. He is a tall thin man, with long hair flowing over his shoulders, and he wears a mustache and imperial after the manner of Buffalo Bill.

—Dr. GEORGE H. MOORE, of the Lenox Library, has just compiled a little book called *Washington as an Angler*, of which he sent a copy to President CLEVELAND, who was much pleased to learn that "the only element of greatness heretofore unnoticed in the life of WASHINGTON is thus supplied."

—RUSSELL SAGE is said to be able to command $25,000,000 in cash in half an hour during business hours. Notwithstanding his wealth, Mr. SAGE lives very plainly in his modestly appointed home on Fifth Avenue, New York city. He and his wife are of one mind and taste in this respect, and there are no children to gainsay them. Mrs. SAGE is distinguished for her interest in benevolence toward hospital work. Mr. SAGE takes his keenest pleasure in riding and the ownership of horses, but he never buys a horse outright. He follows the custom of country horsemen and of his own rustic youth, and "swaps" or trades for every horse he gets. The ear-marks of his country origin hang to him as to very few men in this city, though the town is full of men with the same general history, for few of the leaders in any walk of life in New York were not country boys or country men before they came here. But Mr. SAGE looks like a country man still—and like a peculiarly old-fashioned one—with his stiff, angular figure, his deep-furrowed face, and his old-time beard, growing under his chin and jowl.



SKETCHES OF CAMDEN, MAINE, AND ITS VICINITY.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 635.]

DR. MARVIN R. VINCENT, PROFESSOR-ELECT OF NEW TESTAMENT EXEGESIS IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.

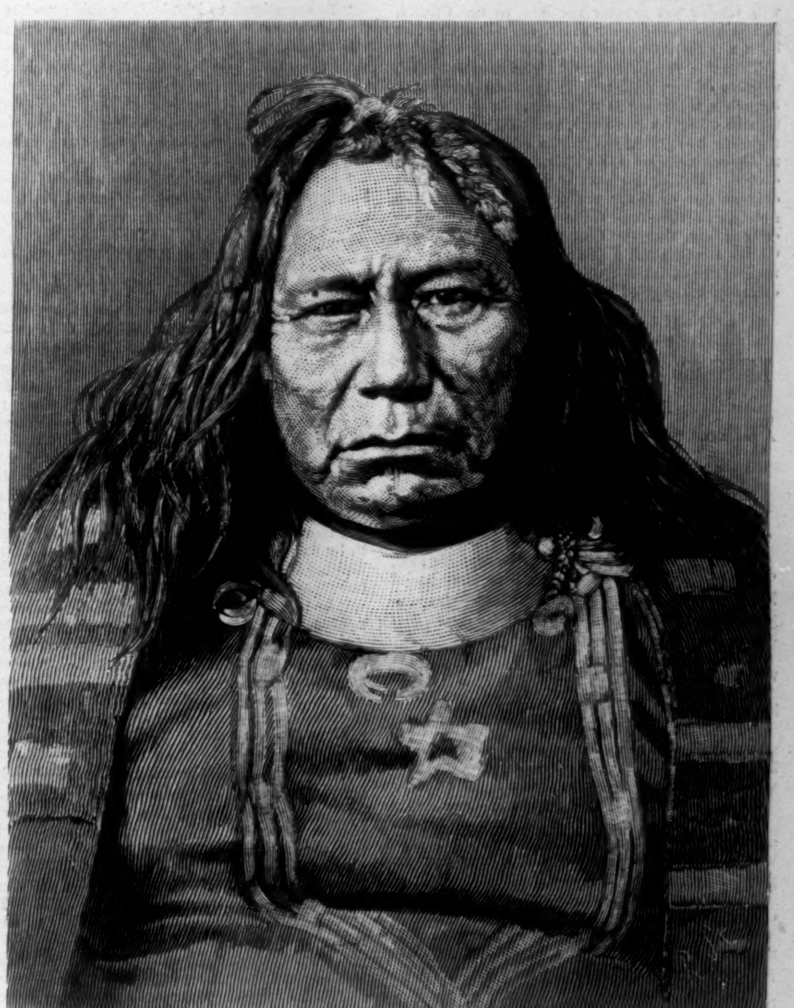
DR. PHILIP SCHAFF, THE NEW PROFESSOR OF CHURCH HISTORY IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

CHANGES IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

THE recent death of Dr. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, the learned and brilliant Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, was an irreparable loss to Christian scholarship. But the institution meets the occasion in the spirit of progress which has of late years inspired its policy. It is understood that the directors have called the Rev. Dr. SCHAFF to the head of the Historical Department, and have determined to invite to the chair of New Testament Exegesis thus vacated the Rev. Dr. MARVIN R. VINCENT, now pastor of the Church of the Covenant in New York. The pre-eminent fitness of both appointments will be recognized not only in the Presbyterian communion, but through all the Churches. The entire career of each of these gentlemen, indeed, may be regarded as a preparation for the special work now before him.

PHILIP SCHAFF was born at Coire, in Switzerland, January 1, 1819, and received his early education at the great universities of Tübingen and Halle, and lastly at Berlin, where he began his long career as a teacher with such success that in 1844, when the German Reformed Church in America applied to the great religious scholars of Europe for advice in filling the chair of Church History and Exegesis at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, Drs. NEANDER, THOLUCK, and JULIUS MÜLLER united in recommending the young Bachelor of Divinity. He crossed the sea at the age of twenty-five, and by forty-three years of unremitting labors as author and teacher in this country has become identified with Christian scholarship in America. In 1869 he accepted a call to the Union Theological Seminary, where he has since successively filled the chairs of Hebrew and of Greek Exegesis. His literary productiveness has been extensive and varied, including the editorship of several important Biblical dictionaries and cyclopædias of religious information, of a standard collection of *The Creeds of Christendom*, of a useful companion to the Greek Testament and the English version, and of extensive commentaries on the Bible; but his chief work is the *General History of the Christian Church*, the most original and comprehensive book of its class in our language. It is not merely by ripe scholarship and wide reading that Dr. SCHAFF is qualified for his new position. From his youth it has been the historical spirit that has controlled and characterized him. In constant warfare with narrowness and dogmatic sectarianism, he has exhibited in his teachings and his books the broad catholicity, the free tolerance of individual activity and thought, and the disposition and ability to trace out all that is true and pure under every name, which are the best results of historical culture. The great change through which the American Churches have been passing for a generation, in the weakening of the sense of antagonism between sects and the cultivation of a common Christian consciousness, is largely due to the historical study of Christianity, and this entire movement, whether regarded as intel-

THE LATE ALVAN CLARK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITNEY & SON, CAMBRIDGEPORT.—[SEE PAGE 631.]



COLOROW, THE CHIEF OF THE HOSTILE UTES.
[SEE PAGE 635.]

lectual growth or as social and religious improvement, has no better representative than Dr. SCHAFF.

Dr. VINCENT is a native of Poughkeepsie, in this State, where he was born September 11, 1834. His earliest religious impressions and training were received from his father and his maternal grandfather, both successful and earnest ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was graduated at Columbia College in 1854, and immediately became a teacher in the Collegiate Grammar-School, under the rectorship of Dr. CHARLES ANTHON, where he rapidly rose to be principal of the Classical Department. In 1858 he was elected Professor of Latin in the Troy University, where he remained four years. The intervals of college work were given to the preparation, in association with one of his colleagues, of an English translation of BENGEL'S *Gnomon of the New Testament*, the principal model and fountain of modern commentaries; and this work was the beginning of those profounder studies in Scriptural exegesis which have given character to all his subsequent ministry and authorship. It was at Troy too that he began to preach, though at first only as an occasional supply, and as work incidental to the labors of his chair; but the strong interest awakened by his discourses convinced his friends, and perhaps himself, that his true calling was the ministry. His preaching was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, popular; it had not that eloquence which compels attention from the thoughtless, and impresses the speaker's personality on the throng; yet his lively and suggestive thoughtfulness, his aptness in illustration, his precision and grace in expression, and his power in simple language to link the results of scholarly research with facts of common life and rules of daily duty, made his discourses peculiarly acceptable to men of literary training. After some years of occasional preaching as a licensed preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Troy, and ordained as successor to Dr. N. S. S. BEMAN, who had made its pulpit for forty years one of the prominent intellectual centres of the Church in this country. No contrast of styles could be greater than between Dr. VINCENT and his predecessor. The transition was from the ponderous and controversial logic of New England Calvinism to the genial spirit of historical exegesis; but the time was ripe for the change, and it proved welcome even to the congregation which had never wavered in its devotion to the old war-horse of "New School Theology." Ten years of a successful pastorate at Troy have been followed by fourteen years more of equal success in charge of the Church of the Covenant in New York. During all this time Dr. VINCENT'S pen has been active, and he has become widely known as an author, especially of works expository of passages of Scripture, several of which embody the results of his studies for the pulpit. His latest and most important book is the first volume of a series of *Word Studies in the New Testament*—an original and masterly exposition of the precise force of the Greek text in passages in which the English versions fail to reach its fulness or suggestiveness. Those who best know Dr. VINCENT'S work as preacher and as writer are most sanguine in their expectations that he will render yet greater services to the Church in the new position for which his whole life has been a process of equipment.

Thus the Presbyterian Church intrusts the education of her ministers in its most important branches to men who received their own education in other communions, and who, even in mature life, have filled the pulpits of sects supposed to dissent more or less widely from Presbyterian creeds. But if this fact is worth mention, it is only as one of many gratifying proofs that the sectarian divisions of Christendom are becoming effaced, and that the Churches which believe in Christ are forgetting their trifling differences in their sense of the surpassing importance of their common heritage of faith.

CHARLTON T. LEWIS.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "GRIF," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

MRS. PAMFLETT DEVELOPS A SUDDEN AFFECTION FOR PHŒBE.

"YOU have lived here sixteen years," he said, "and think you know me as well as I am sure I know you. Because I have never interfered with you, because I have allowed you to do as you like—"

She interrupted him here. "Have I ever wasted a penny of your money?"

"To my knowledge, no. If you had, you would have heard of it."

"Yes, that is very certain. Every farthing spent in this house has been accounted for in the book which you look over every week. You would find it hard to get anybody in my place."

"Oh, that is it! You threaten to leave me!"

"You are not only mistaken, you know you are stating an untruth. Yes, an untruth." The words denoted indignation, but it was not expressed in her voice or manner.

"Is that a proper way to speak to me?" he cried.

"I pass no opinion," was her unimpassioned reply. "If you are tired of me, or if I do not please you, you can send me away."

"You would go?"

"I should be bound to go. What else could I do? If I refused, you could call in the police."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1593.

"You are bent upon exasperating me, I see. You know I could not do without you."

"I know it."

"And that is why you are impudent to me."

"You have never found me so."

"Because I am bound to you hand and foot, because you know my ways, having grown into them, because I depend upon you and trust you, because I am weak and ill and dependent, you think you can twist me about as you like. You shall find that you are mistaken."

"Do you wish me to leave Parksides to-night? I will go and get ready."

He glared at her. "Well, why don't you go?"

"I am waiting for orders. Give them, and I will obey you—as I have obeyed you in everything else."

"You have no more wish to leave me," he said, laughing scornfully, "than I have that you should. You could no more do without me than I could do without you."

"There may be a balance," she said, "and it may be to my credit. You seem to be angry because I have made an endeavor to please your daughter."

"Have you ever endeavored to please her before to-day?" he asked, slyly.

"Have you," she retorted, "ever taken the trouble to ascertain?"

He paused awhile before he spoke. "Having been imprisoned up here, out of sight of things, with no eyes for anything beyond this room, you may think I haven't known what is going on in my house. You are mistaken—egregiously mistaken—as mistaken as your son Jeremiah, who perhaps has an idea that I do not know when I am absent what is going on in my office in London."

"Do you wish *him* to leave as well as me?" said Mrs. Pamflett. The conspicuous and amazing feature of her speech was that she made these propositions as though they did not in the slightest degree affect her, or any person in whom she was interested. "With his talents for business, he will not have the least difficulty in obtaining a position of trust elsewhere."

"I have unmasked you," said Miser Farebrother; "you have a design. Out with it."

"I have no design," said Mrs. Pamflett, "except your interests; and if it happens that your interests and ours—"

"And ours!" he cried.

"And ours," she repeated. "If it happens that our interests are identical, it should rather please than anger you. You say that you are bound hand and foot to me. That is a compliment, and I am obliged to you; but supposing it to be true, I am as much bound hand and foot to you, and so is my son Jeremiah. It may be in your power to so chain him to you that he would become an absolute slave to your interests."

"Interests again!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Always interests—nothing but interests."

"Well," said Mrs. Pamflett, "what do we live for? What do *you* live for?"

This was a home thrust indeed, and Miser Farebrother accepted it in good part. Despite the outward aspect of this singular conversation, it was not entirely disagreeable to him. He appreciated the services of Mrs. Pamflett and her son; he knew that he could not replace them; he had not left it to the present hour to reckon up their monetary value.

"To come back to Phœbe," he said; "what is all this about? No beating about the bush—plain-speaking."

"I love her," said Mrs. Pamflett, "as a daughter."

"And Jeremiah is your only son."

"My only son. The best, the brightest, the cleverest man in England! And devoted to you, body and soul."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said Miser Farebrother, with a malicious grin; "I will think about it."

CHAPTER XIX.

A BEAUTIFUL BIRTHDAY.

MISER FAREBROTHER did not keep his promise of taking tea with Phœbe and her friends—he had matter more serious to occupy him—but to some extent he made atonement for it. He sent for Phœbe, and told her that he did not feel equal to the excitement, but that, before the evening was over, he would welcome Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge and her cousins to Parksides. This, to Phœbe, was almost as good as the keeping of his promise; he spoke in a feeble voice, as though he was ill, and his unexpected kindness and consideration touched her. She put her hand timidly upon his shoulder, moved thereto by sweet pity for his condition, and he did not repulse her; she was even bold enough to lower her face to his and kiss him more than once, and he bore it contentedly. A new feeling stirred her heart, new hopes were born within her. That this unexpected change in her father's bearing toward her should take place on her birthday was a happy omen, and she was deeply grateful for it. From this time forth her home life would bring her joy instead of sorrow. She went from her father's room with a light step, ready to burst forth into song.

The feeble voice in which Miser Farebrother had spoken to Phœbe was assumed; his weakness was assumed; all the time she was with him he was watching her keenly and warily. He had never thought of her but as a child; the idea of her marrying had never entered his head; but now that it was presented to him he seized upon it and turned it about to the light. The only friends his daughter had were the Lethbridges; they had a son, who doubtless would be only too ready to snap at such a bait as Phœbe. For her sake?—because he loved her?—not at all. Because her father was supposed to be rich; because of the money he would calculate upon getting with her. And thereafter there would ever and eternally be but one cry—money, money, money! All their arts, all their endeavors, their only object, would be to bleed his money-bags bare. "No, no, Mr. Lethbridge," thought Miser Farebrother, "not a penny shall ever pass from my pockets to yours." But the danger might not present itself through the Lethbridges. Phœbe might fall in love with a spendthrift or a cunning rogue. That would be as bad—worse, perhaps. Despite his aversion to the Lethbridges, his experience of them had taught him that they were proud, and that in the event of Phœbe marrying into their family there would be a chance of respite for him after a time, a chance that they would make up their minds to submit to poverty, and trouble him no more. With a spendthrift it would be different. There would be no peace for him; the appeals for money would be incessant; he would be torn to pieces with worry. Then came the cunning rogue on to the scene, in the shape which was most objectionable to Miser Farebrother, in that of a scheming lawyer. There was more to fear from that than from any other aspect of the subject. Miser Farebrother knew the power of the law when he invoked it on his side—which he never did without being prepared with stamped deeds and witnessed signatures—but he knew also the power of the law if, in certain cases which he could call to mind, it were invoked against him. Plaintiff and defendant were different things, had different chances. He himself never prosecuted without weighing the minutest chance, without being absolutely certain that he was standing on sure legal ground. He had submitted to losses rather than run a risk. There was one instance in which a disreputable, out-at-elbows, dissipated lawyer had defied him to his teeth—had unblushingly defrauded him by threatening exposure. Miser Farebrother, knowing that certain transactions in which he was principal would not bear the light, had submitted to be robbed rather than be dragged into the witness-box and cross-examined. Such inquiries often commence tamely, but there is no saying where they lead to; a man's smallest peccadilloes are shamelessly dragged forth, his very soul is turned inside out. Then there are judges who, the moment a money-lending case comes before them, set to work on the debtor's side to defraud the creditor. Miser Farebrother, therefore, was wise in his generation in the tactics he pursued. Some low-minded scheming limb of the law might pay court to Phœbe, with but one end in view. The thought of it sent a shiver through his nerves.

His reflections were not agreeable, but he had a large amount of common-sense, and he knew they might be serviceable. He was not displeased with Mrs. Pamflett for suggesting them. She was a useful woman; truly, as he had said, he would not have known what to do without her. She had made the same admission on her side; that was honest of her. There were conditions of life which a sensible man must accept and make the best of, and his was one. Not being able to purchase a new set of bones and nerves, he felt that to a great extent he was at the mercy of Mrs. Pamflett and Jeremiah. As difficult to replace the loss of Jeremiah in his London office as to replace the loss of Mrs. Pamflett in his house at Parksides. It was a wretched state of things, but it must be borne, and as much profit as possible made out of it. "Phœbe has only herself to blame," he thought, with monstrous mental distortion. "If she had been a boy instead of a girl, it would all have been different."

There was no mistaking the meaning of Mrs. Pamflett's references to her son. Well, Phœbe might do worse; and if, as Mrs. Pamflett had said, he could so bind Jeremiah to him as to make him an absolute slave to his interests, such a marriage might be altogether the best thing that could happen. It would be an additional protection of Miser Farebrother's money-bags. "I will bind him tight," thought the miser—"tight. Clever lad, Jeremiah; but I shall be a match for him."

Not a thought of his daughter's happiness; she would have to do as he ordered. Thus, in the secrecy of Miser Farebrother's room, the web was forming in which Phœbe was to be entangled and her happiness wrecked.

Outside this room everything was bright. Phœbe had told Aunt and Uncle Leth of her father's goodness, and they, simple-minded and guileless as herself, rejoiced with her. "Upon my word," said Uncle Leth, "it almost makes my dream true." Phœbe moved about, singing, smiling, laughing to herself now and then, and scattering flowers of gladness all around her. "I never saw our dear Phœbe so bright," said Aunt Leth. "Our visit to Parksides is a most beautiful surprise, quite different from what I expected."

It was not the only surprise; there was another, even more subtly sweet to Phœbe. This was the appearance of Fred Cornwall, who, finding no bell at the gates by which he could announce his arrival, walked boldly through, and suddenly presented himself. They were all outside the house, awaiting Mrs. Pamflett's summons to tea.

"Why," exclaimed the arch-conspirator Fanny, calling astonishment into her features, "if there isn't Mr. Cornwall coming up the walk! Who would have thought it? and how ever did he find us out?"

Phœbe turned toward the young man, blushing, and with a palpitating heart.

"I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken," said he; "but as it is your birthday I thought I might venture."

"How did you know?" asked Phœbe, her hand in his.

"A little bird told me," was his reply. "How do you do, Aunt Leth? How do you do, Miss Fanny?"

He exchanged pleasant words of greeting with his friends, and looked very handsome, and by no means ill at ease, though an uninvited guest. Well dressed, well mannered, a gentleman every inch of him.

At the door of the house, unseen by any one of the happy group, Mrs. Pamflett appeared. She saw the meeting, and noted Phœbe's blushing face. She partly closed the door, and retreating a step, stood there, watching and debating within herself.

Fred Cornwall held in his hand a bunch of flowers, very choice specimens, loosely tied, and arranged with charming grace. Not in the shape of a regulation bouquet, but infinitely more beautiful in their apparently careless form. He offered them to Phœbe, and she accepted them. Mrs. Pamflett set her thin white lips close.

Then the young gentleman presented, as birthday gifts, the presents he had bought for Phœbe on his Continental trip, accompanying them with heart-felt wishes. Phœbe, trembling, thrilling, was in the seventh heaven of joy.

When, however, she recovered her self-possession, she felt herself in a difficulty. Would her father be angry? Aunt Leth, seeing the light shadow on her face, moved aside with her.

"You are thinking of your father, Phœbe?" she said.

"Yes, aunt."

"You would like Mr. Cornwall to stop to tea?" Enlightened by Fanny's confession in the early part of the day, she regarded Mr. Cornwall and her niece as lovers, and her sympathies were already enlisted on their side.

"Yes, aunt," replied Phœbe. "But it is a little awkward, is it not? What shall I do?"

"Go and ask your father," said Aunt Leth. "Say that Mr. Cornwall is a friend of ours, and that you have often met him at our house. Go at once; Mr. Cornwall need not know; I will keep him engaged while you are away."

Phœbe nodded, and started for the house. Mrs. Pamflett, seeing her coming, beat a retreat, not desiring to meet the young girl just at that moment.

"Father," said Phœbe, "I am in a difficulty. I hope you will not mind."

"Not at all," said Miser Farebrother. She had never heard him speak in a voice so kind and gentle.

"A friend of Aunt Leth's has just arrived, and has brought me these." She showed him the flowers and the presents, and he pretended to take interest in them. "He has been on the Continent, father; and he purchased presents for all of us."

"Very generous, very generous," said Miser Farebrother. "Did you invite him here?"

"No, father; I would not have dared without asking your consent. I can't make out how he found his way here, and how he knew it was my birthday. I did not tell him."

"Perhaps your aunt did."

"I think not, father."

"What is your difficulty, Phœbe?"

"I should like to ask him to stop to tea, if you have no objection."

"You may ask him," said Miser Farebrother. He had a direct motive in giving his consent so readily. The nature of his late reflections had inspired an interest in all Phœbe's acquaintances, and he wished to see this friend of her aunt's.

"Oh, father, how can I thank you?"

"By obeying me, Phœbe."

"Yes, father; I will."

"I hope you will keep your word. What is the name of this new friend?"

"Not new, father—old."

"New to me. What is his name?"

"Mr. Cornwall. He is a gentleman, father."

"Young?"

"Yes, father."

"What is he besides being a gentleman?"

"He is a barrister."

"A lawyer? Ah! A clever one?"

"They say so, father."

"Ah! Is he a great friend of your aunt's?"

"A very great friend, father. They think the world of him."

He nodded, and dismissed her, and then gave himself up again to contemplation of the incident in connection with what had preceded it. He, as well as Mrs. Pamflett, had noted his daughter's blushes, her eagerness, her excitement of delight, and he placed his own construction upon her manner. It seemed to him as if he had been drawn into some game which it was vitally necessary he should win. It was strange how things appeared to fit in with one another. He had been thinking of lawyers, and here was one in his house, an unmistakable intruder, with flowers and presents for Phœbe, the daughter of rich Miser Farebrother. A clever lawyer too, and a great friend of the Lethbridges, whom he hated from the bottom of his heart. Bold schemers they, and a bold ally this Mr. Cornwall, to presume to come, uninvited, to his house, regarding him, its owner, as a person of no importance, whose wishes it was unnecessary to consult. What had passed between this unwelcome guest and Phœbe? How far had they gone? and what was being hidden from him? He did not doubt now that the presence of the Lethbridges in Parksides on his daughter's birthday was part of a cunning plot, in which their lawyer-friend was a principal actor. "They are all in a league against me," he thought; "but I shall be equal with them. If Phœbe disobeys me, she must take the consequences. I will wring a promise from her to-night before I go to bed."

"Mr. Cornwall," said Phœbe, when she rejoined her friends in the open, "will you stop and have a cup of tea with us?"

"Would it be possible," he said, turning with smiles to Fanny, "for me to refuse?"

"How should I know?" said Fanny, tossing her head.

"It will be a great pleasure to me," said Fred Cornwall to Phœbe. "I almost feared that I should be looked upon as an intruder."

"Of course you did," said Fanny, making a face at him behind her cousin's back; "that is why you came."

"We can all go back to London together," said Aunt Leth.

"Yes," said Fanny; "and you can make love to me in the train."

"You must not mind her, Mr. Cornwall," said Aunt Leth; "her high spirits sometimes run away with her."

"I wish some nice young gentleman would," whispered Fanny to Phœbe. "Why doesn't a fairy godmother take me in hand?"

"Aunt," said Phœbe, aside, to Mrs. Lethbridge, "I think I was never quite so happy as I am to-day. You have no idea how kind papa has been to me."

Aunt Leth pressed Phœbe's arm affectionately, and at that moment Mrs. Pamflett appeared and said that tea was ready. She had delayed it till the last minute in the hope that Jeremiah would arrive, and she was vexed and disappointed at his absence. Outwardly, however, she was all graciousness, and she took especial pains to put on her most amiable manners.

"No girl ever had a more beautiful birthday," thought Phœbe, as they all trooped into the house.

CHAPTER XX.

JEREMIAH PAMFLETT ASSERTS HIMSELF.

The innocent fun and gayety at the tea table were long afterward remembered. There was an animated discussion as to who should take the head of the table. Phœbe wanted Aunt Leth to do so, but Fanny interfered, and said no one should sit there but Phœbe.

"It is Phœbe's day," persisted the light-hearted girl, "and something unlucky will happen if she doesn't pour out the tea. Mr. Cornwall, come and court me at the bottom of the table."

"Didn't you say it was Miss Farebrother's day?" said Fred, as he took his seat next to the young hostess. He was not wanting in resource, and rather enjoyed Fanny's badinage.

The table was much more plentifully supplied than Phœbe expected, and she cast many grateful glances at Mrs. Pamflett, who had certainly taken pains to do honor to the occasion. Mrs. Pamflett received these tokens of gratitude gravely and quietly; no one would have supposed that her mind was occupied by any other consideration than the comfort of her young mistress's guests. But nothing escaped her secretly watchful eyes; every word, every look, every little attention from Fred Cornwall to Phœbe was carefully noted and treasured up.

A merrier meal was never enjoyed; the buzz of conversation was delightful to hear. Phœbe was the quietest, Fanny the noisiest. Suddenly she became quite still, and gazed pensively at Fred Cornwall.

"A penny for your thoughts," said he.

"They are yours at the price," she replied, holding out her hand for the penny. "I am feeling very sorry for you."

"Why?"

"Because I am convinced you would be much happier if you were at this moment shelling peas with a certain young lady in Switzerland."

This caused a general laugh, and Fred enlarged upon the delights of his trip, Fanny interrupting him a dozen times with some quizzical remark.

"You certainly want some one to keep you in order, Fanny," laughingly observed her mother.

"I do," replied Fanny, dolefully. "Where *is* that some one? Why *does* he not appear?"

Toward the end of the meal Mrs. Pamflett swiftly left the room. Looking out of the window she saw her son Jeremiah, and she hastened down to him.

"Well, mother?" said he.

"What has made you so late?" she asked, anxiously.

"Now don't nag," he exclaimed. "I couldn't get here before; had a hundred things to look after. The new clothes I ordered never came home, and I had to go and bullyrag the tailor. How do I look, mother?"

"Beautiful, Jeremiah, beautiful," she said, enthusiastically.

On his feet were patent-leather shoes; on his head the shiniest of belltoppers; on his hands lavender-colored kid gloves; round his neck a light blue scarf, with a great carbuncle pin stuck in it; and he wore a tourist's suit of russet-brown of a very large check pattern.

"Rather licks 'em, doesn't it?" he asked, in a tone of self-admiration and approval, turning slowly round to exhibit his points.

"That it does, Jeremiah."

"Look at this," he said, taking off his hat.

"Why, you've had your hair curled, Jeremiah!"

"Slightly! Nobby, ain't it?"

"It's beautiful! My own dear boy!"

"Keep your fingers to yourself, can't you? There, you've gone and put it all out!" He drew from his pocket a small mirror, and anxiously re-adjusted the curls his mother had touched. "Now just you be careful. Eyes on, hands off!"

"They must have cost a lot of money, Jeremiah."

"They did; a heap; but in for a penny, in for a pound. There's one comfort; it's all spent on myself. Catch me spending it on anybody else. They cost, altogether— Well, never mind; we're going in for a big thing, ain't we? I ain't particular to a pound or two when the stake's worth it."

"You have the heart of a lion!" said Mrs. Pamflett.

"What will she think of me, mother? Look at me well; reckon me up."

"She can't help thinking as I do, Jeremiah."

"She's a ninny if she don't. She won't get another chance like it, I'll bet."

"What is that you're carrying, my boy?"

"A bouquet. Here, I'll just lift the paper so that you can see it. Roses, stephanotis, and maidenhair. Now who'll say I ain't a plucky one? Just wipe this dust off my boots."

In her full-hearted admiration Mrs. Pamflett had lost sight of her conversation with Miser Farebrother, and of the presence of Fred Cornwall in the room above; but now, as she carefully wiped Jeremiah's boots, it all came back to her. Bidding him to give her his best attention, she told him everything; he listened to her attentively, and put a good many questions to her when she had done, the most important of which related to his master.

"He didn't shy at it, then?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "he seemed to take to it kindly."

"You're sure he understood you?"

"He couldn't be off understanding me; I put it to him pretty plain. All you've got to do is to play your cards well."

"I'll do that. When I've got a winning hand I know what to do with it."

"Are you pleased with me, Jeremiah?"

"Yes; it was a bold stroke; only don't do it again. Let me play my own game. I don't mind telling you something if you'll keep it dark." He paused a moment before continuing. "Do you see my thumb?" He held out his right hand, palm upward, with the thumb arched over it. "I've got the London business like this; I've got Miser Farebrother like this. He's under my thumb, mother, and he doesn't know it. If I left him he'd lose thousands, and if the worst comes to the worst I can put it to him like that, in a way he can't mistake."

"Don't be rash, Jeremiah," implored Mrs. Pamflett; "be humble with him."

"Oh yes; I'll be humble with him as long as it suits me. Do you think I've been working all these years for nothing? Do you think I've had the office all to myself for nothing? Does *he* think I didn't take his measure years and years ago, and that I didn't make up my mind what to do?"

"Jeremiah! Jeremiah!" cried Mrs. Pamflett, "be careful. He's cunning, he's clever; he can see with his eyes shut."

"I can beat him at his own game. Cunning as he is, I'm cunninger; clever as he is, I'm cleverer; I could see without any eyes at all. Wasn't it as clear to me as daylight, if I'd been content to be his slave, taking his miserable few shillings a week, and trying to live on it, that I should be no better off at seventy years than I was at seventeen? Oh no; not at all! I was a fool, I was; and didn't know how many beans made five. I was born yesterday, I was. There, now; I've said enough. You'll live to see something that 'll make you open your eyes. Oh! hanged if I wasn't forgetting. What did the governor do with that beggar, Tom Barley?"

"Discharged him. He's gone for good."

"He's gone for bad, you mean. He'll come to a nice end, and I'll help him to it if I can. So the old hunks discharged Tom Barley, did he? Well, I settled his hash for him, at all events."

"It shows what influence you have over the master," observed Mrs. Pamflett.

"I'll have more before I've done with him. Hallo! Just hear how they're laughing upstairs. I say, mother, couldn't you call Phœbe down here? I don't care about giving her the flowers with all that lot looking on and sniggering. Just you go and whisper to her that a gentleman wants very particularly to see her. Wait a minute; is my scarf right?"

"Yes, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, and was about to leave him when he cried again, nervously: "Wait a minute, can't you? What a hurry you're in. What would you say to her, mother, when you give 'em to her?"

"Wish her many happy returns of the day, Jeremiah; and you might ask if she will give you a cup of tea. That will give you an excuse for following her; she can't very well leave the people upstairs long to themselves."

"All right; I'll do it." And Jeremiah struck an attitude, and waited for Phœbe, who had received a message, not that "a gentleman" wanted particularly to see her, but that a friend was below who was anxious to wish her many happy returns. When Phœbe heard this, she thought for a moment that it might be faithful Tom Barley, whom Mrs. Pamflett, in her good-nature, had allowed to enter, and she was startled when she saw Jeremiah Pamflett.

"It's me, miss," said that worthy. "You're not sorry, I hope?"

"No," she said, awkwardly; "not at all."

"Seeing it was your birthday," said Jeremiah, "I thought I'd give you an agreeable surprise. Just look at this." He took the blue paper off the bouquet, and held it up for her admiration.

"It is very pretty," said Phœbe.

"I should rather say it was. It cost enough, anyhow: eight and six I gave for it."

He paused for a reply, and Phœbe said, "Yes?" not knowing what else to say.

"Half a guinea they asked, but I beat 'em down. They *do* try to take you in, the shop-keepers; but I get up a little too early for them. When they try their games on me, they try 'em on the wrong party. Don't you think so?" He made a motion with his elbow, with the intention of digging it playfully into her side; but she shrank back, and frustrated his amiable design. "I went to Covent Garden myself to pick it out." He paused again, and as she did not speak, he thought, "Hang it! why doesn't she say something?" comforting himself, however, with the reflection that his resplendent appearance had "regularly knocked her over," as he would have openly expressed it in his choice vernacular. Feeling that he was not getting along as well as he wished, he wound up with, "For you, miss; wishing you many happy returns of the day."

"You are very kind," said Phœbe, having no option but to accept the bouquet, "to spend so much money upon me."

"Oh," said Jeremiah, boastfully, "I can do a thing swell when I've a mind to. I never laid out so much on flowers before, but I wouldn't mind doing it again—for you, miss."

"Pray don't think of it," said Phœbe, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"Well, I won't say whether I will or not. It all depends." He spread himself out airily in order that she might have a good view of him. He took off his hat, touched his curled hair gingerly, put his left arm akimbo, and stood at ease, with his right leg outstretched. He was rather proud of his manners, and thought he was making an impression. The question whether Phœbe should laugh or cry was determined by his attitude, and Jeremiah was somewhat confounded as a light hysterical laugh escaped her.

"What, at, miss?" he asked, the smirk on his face changing to a frown.

"At that boy," said Phœbe, looking at the back of him; "he is so funny."

Jeremiah, turning, really saw a ragged little boy approaching them. It was a fortunate escape for Phœbe, who went toward the little fellow and asked him what he wanted.

"I wants to see the young lady of the 'ouse," said the boy. "Are you 'er?"

"Yes."

"I'm ter give yer this and run away."

A faithful messenger. He gave a small brown-paper parcel to Phœbe, and scuttled away as fast as his little legs would carry him. Phœbe, wondering, opened the parcel, and there lay a few wild daisies, accompanied by a piece of white paper, upon which was written, "With Tom Barley's humble duty. For ever and ever." It was shocking writing, and Phœbe had some difficulty in deciphering it; but it brought the tears to her eyes. She put the paper in her pocket, and pinned the daisies at her bosom.

"I beg your pardon for leaving you," said Phœbe to Jeremiah. "And now I must go to my friends."

"You might offer me a cup of tea, miss," he said.

"Yes, I will, though I am afraid it is almost cold."

"Nothing can be cold where you are, miss," said Jeremiah, gallantly. "I'll come up with you. Why do you wear those rubbishing flowers? You can pick 'em up in the fields."

"They are from an old friend," said Phœbe, loyally. "I value them quite as much as if they had cost—" She stopped, frightened at her rashness; she was about to add, "eight and six." Jeremiah completed the sentence for her, supplying the precise words in her mind.

"As if they cost eight and six, miss," he said, quietly. There was a venom in his voice which made her shudder. "I'll think of that."

She felt it necessary to mollify him, and though she hated herself for her duplicity, she was very gracious to him as they ascended the stairs, so that when they entered the room his equanimity was restored. It may have been the grandeur of his appearance, or perhaps it was something in Phœbe's face, that caused an awkward pause in the merriment upon their entrance. Fortunately for the situation, Mrs. Pamflett was in the room, and as Phœbe made no attempt to introduce Jeremiah to the company, Mrs. Pamflett said, in a distinct, measured voice, "My son, Mr. Pamflett, Mr. Farebrother's manager."

Mr. Lethbridge rose and offered the young man his hand.

"Glad to know you," said Jeremiah. "You're Mr. Lethbridge. How do you do, all of you?"

Mrs. Lethbridge inclined her head, perceiving that something was wrong. Fanny with difficulty repressed a giggle, Bob looked supercilious, while Fred Cornwall scarcely glanced at the new arrival.

"Will you give Mr. Pamflett a cup of tea, aunt?" said Phœbe.

"No," said Jeremiah, "not from your aunt, if you please; from you. Then I sha'n't want any sugar in it. Anything the matter with you, miss?" He addressed this question to Fanny, from whom an uncertain sound of laughter was proceeding.

"Something in my throat," replied Miss Fanny.

"Shall I slap you on the back, miss?"

"No, no!" cried Fanny, suddenly quite sobered.

Jeremiah drank his tea quite slowly, looking alternately from one to the other. There was a dead silence in the room.

"Shall my niece pour you out another cup?" asked Mrs. Lethbridge, politely.

"If it will oblige her," said Jeremiah, with cold malignity, "she may."

Without a word Phœbe poured out the tea and handed it to him. He drank it even more slowly than he had done the first cup. When it was finished, Mrs. Lethbridge said, "There is no more in the pot."

"That is a pity," said Jeremiah; "because we are enjoying ourselves so."

"I propose," said Mrs. Lethbridge, "that we go into the open air. It is a most lovely evening."

They all rose, glad of the escape. Jeremiah pushed himself between Fred Cornwall and Phœbe, and walked by her side down the stairs. When they were in the open he said to her, "You have forgotten your bouquet. I will go and bring it to you. Shall I?"

"If you please," she answered, faintly. She could make no other reply.

His mother met him in the passage. "Miser Farebrother wishes to see you, Jeremiah. You can join Miss Phœbe afterward."

"All right," said Jeremiah; "I will. Look here, mother. Is that Cornwall fellow sticking up to Phœbe?"

"That is for you to find out, Jeremiah. If you are my son you are not to be easily beaten."

"Easily beaten!" he echoed, with malignant emphasis. "When my back's up, I generally let people know it. Did you notice how they behaved to me at the tea-table?"

"You paid them out for it, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, exultingly. "I am proud of you."

"You shall have more reason by-and-by. Paid them out for it! Why, they didn't have a word to say for themselves! I just looked at them, and shut them up! As for Phœbe, let her look out; that's all I say—let her look out! Did you ever see a cat play with a mouse?"

"Often, Jeremiah."

"Well, let her look out for herself. That's all I've got to say."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALVAN CLARK.

Alvan Clark was born on a farm at Ashfield, Massachusetts, March 8, 1804. His parents, who had come to Ashfield from the Cape, could trace their lineage back to the arrival of the *Mayflower*. Young Clark worked upon his father's farm till he was twenty-two years of age. His opportunities for study had been limited; but, possessed of the artistic instinct, he had contrived, by the time he reached man's estate, to obtain some practical knowledge both of drawing and engraving. Such was his skill that he had no difficulty in finding employment as a pattern designer and engraver at the Lowell Print-Works. Here he remained some nine years; and during this period he married a Miss Pease, of Conway, Massachusetts, who continued to be the partner of his life, and who survives him. In 1838 he went to Boston, and devoted himself to portrait-painting, at which he had some success.

Clark was now in his fortieth year. Two sons had been born to him—George B. and Alvan Graham. The former was studying engineering at Andover, when he developed a taste for telescopes and some skill in their construction. The father tells us that he began to study mechanics and astronomy so as to help his boy. Between them they constructed a reflecting telescope which attracted the attention of some of the Cambridge professors; and such was the encouragement they received that they resolved to devote themselves to telescope-making as a business. Mr. Clark and his sons accordingly gave up all other work, and in 1846 they established their factory at Cambridgeport.

The first really substantial encouragement came from England. The Rev. W. R. Dawes, who had won some distinction by his successful measurement of double-stars, having heard of the superior work which had been done by Mr. Clark at Cambridgeport, ordered a glass for his own use. It was furnished in 1853; and such was the admiration which it called forth in England that the reputation of the American firm was firmly established. Orders now came in plentifully both from home and foreign sources. Among their achievements a prominent place must be given to the Chicago instrument, which was mounted in 1863. This telescope, which was originally intended for the University of Mississippi, has an aperture of eighteen inches, three inches larger than any hitherto made. It was with this instrument that Alvan Graham Clark, son of Alvan Clark, discovered in 1862 the companion of Sirius—a discovery which entitled him to the French Lalande medal and $120 in gold. Another famous telescope manufactured by the Messrs. Clark is that at the Naval Observatory at Washington. This instrument, considerably larger than the preceding, and of course even more powerful, was mounted in 1873. The telescope ordered by the Russian government for the Pultowa Observatory, having a magnifying power of 2000 diameters, was completed in 1883. This instrument was constructed at a cost of $33,000. Mr. Clark received not only his money, but thanks from the St. Petersburg Academy of Science, and a gold medal from the Czar. The telescope presented to the Washington and Lee College, of Virginia, by Mr. McCormick, of Chicago, costing $40,000, is another of Clark's instruments; and the great lens for the Lick Observatory in California has also been manufactured by the Cambridgeport establishment.

During the civil war the Clarks were kept busy manufacturing field-glasses for the army. On the occasion of the American party of observation going west to observe the transit of Venus, the Clarks furnished them with a heliostat—a most ingeniously constructed and most useful instrument. Although the elder Clark was greatly aided by his sons, especially by Alvan G., he was himself the soul of the business throughout; and of most of the important discoveries and improvements of telescopes and eye-pieces generally he was really the parent. His marvellous keenness of vision and delicacy of touch, which contributed so much to his success, remained with him to the last. Honorary degrees had been conferred upon him by Harvard, by Princeton, and by Amherst; and he was an honorary member of many of the learned associations of Europe. It was on the whole a successful and useful life, and the venerable scientist had the satisfaction of knowing, long before the end came, that his work was fully appreciated.

A well-informed writer in the *Evening Post* has this to say about Mr. Clark's aversion to advertising himself or his work: "He never sought an order. He could never be induced to place specimens of his handicraft on exhibition; even the Centennial at Philadelphia had nothing to show from his hands. Astronomers the world over applied in vain for a price-list of the productions of Alvan Clark & Sons. The firm would not print anything of the kind. Nowhere was anything arranged for display. Visitors to his workshop, whatever their rank, position, or objects, were received with the same unstudied courtesy, and found everybody, from the head of the firm down, in his working garb. No pretensions to a secret art were ever made. When, in travelling abroad, members of the firm found their foreign colleagues afraid to show how they worked, the only impression conveyed was that human nature had its weaknesses. Never before was an art or manufacture built up on so admirable a moral basis."

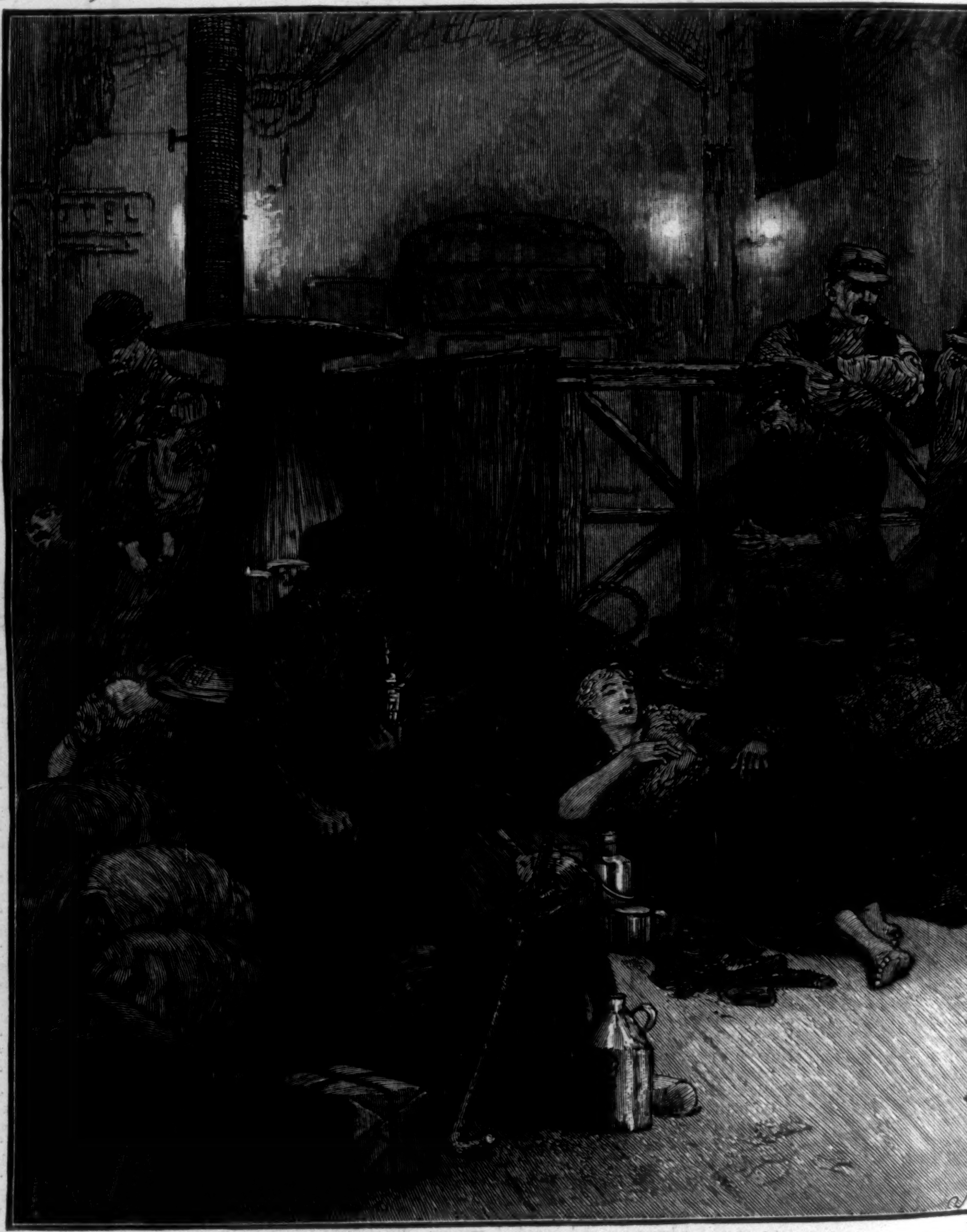
A bewildered official.

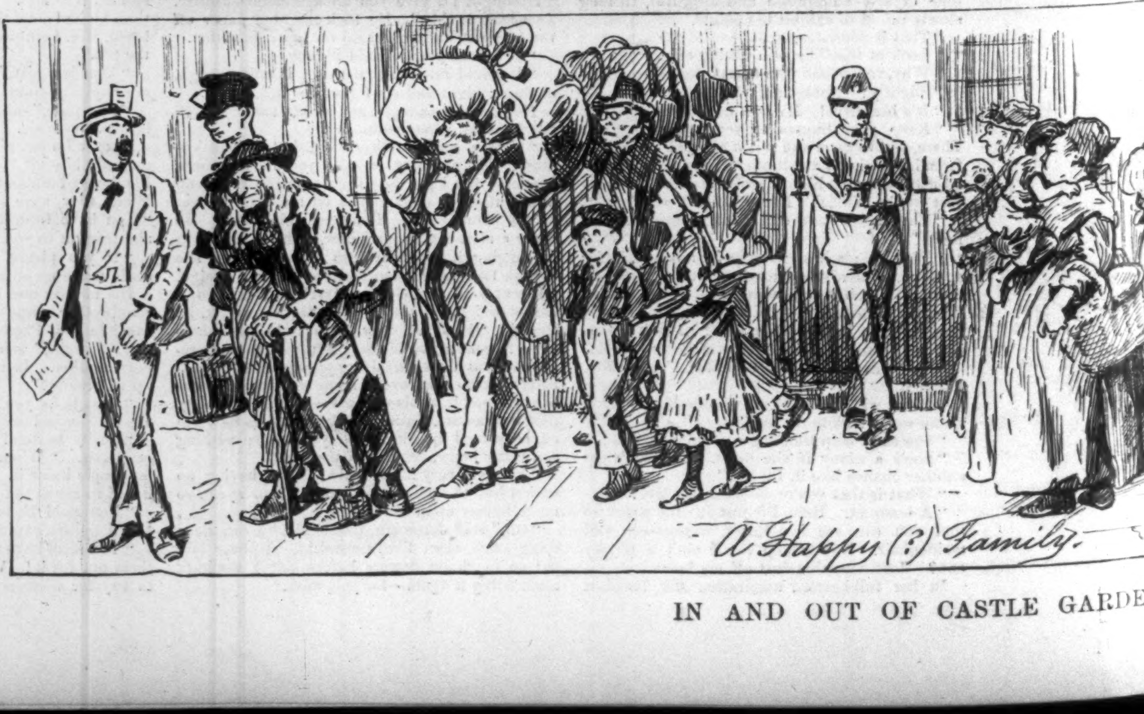
Money changed.

A well-known face.

A Future Legislator.

Jottings.

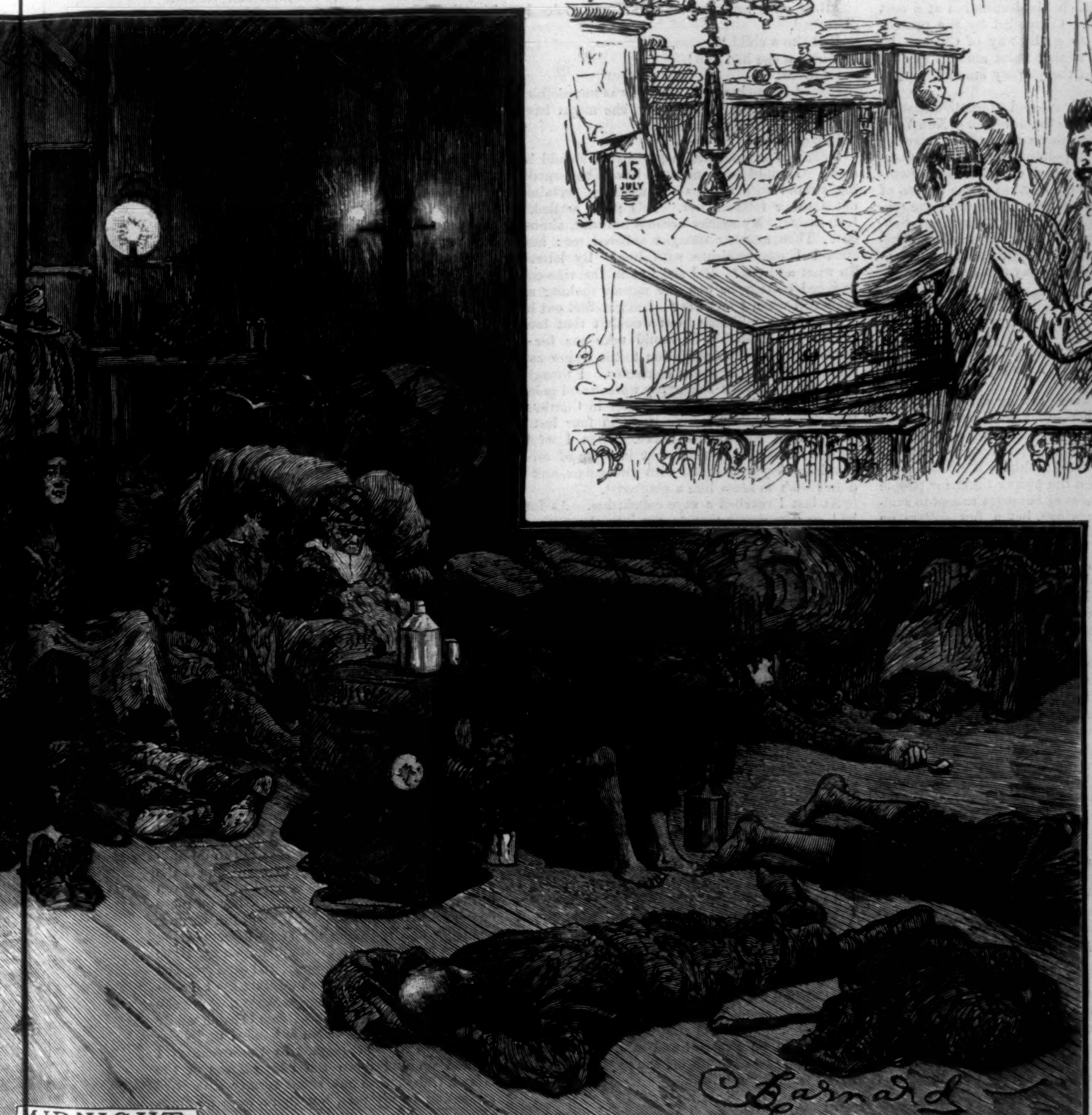



A Happy (?) Family.

IN AND OUT OF CASTLE GARDE

Nearing their journey's end

An Armenian Contingent



MIDNIGHT.

A mysterious functionary

In Battery Park

DEN.—Drawn by F. Barnard.—[See Page 634.]

CASTLE GARDEN.

Castle Garden is one of the oldest and best known landmarks of New York city. It is probably better known to a larger number of people resident in the United States than any other building in this metropolitan centre. New York has long been the principal port of disembarkation for immigrants; and nearly every one of the millions of foreigners who have sought a home on this continent through this port has had a personal experience—a personal experience not likely soon to be forgotten—of what is called Castle Garden. However little they may have seen or come to know of the great city, they have had no chance of escaping the old and peculiar-looking building in Battery Park.

This building has been intimately associated with the growth and prosperity of New York city, and also with the changing conditions of New York city life. Originally a fortress, and intended to be a protection to the harbor and the lower part of the town, it was in time transformed into an opera-house, when it became the resort of fashion and of all that was most refined and most cultured in New York society. When Bowling Green and the surrounding neighborhood ceased to be the abode of our rising aristocracy, the glory departed from Castle Garden. No longer needed for purposes of pleasure, it was by-and-by deemed a suitable place for the reception of immigrants and for the head-quarters of the Commissioners of Emigration, and it was used accordingly.

In this last-named capacity it has now been used since August, 1855; and there can be no doubt that it has been in many respects a most useful institution. Serious doubts, however, have long since been entertained and expressed as to whether Castle Garden as an emigration depot has not outlived its usefulness. Latterly there have been many complaints both against the place and against the management. It is quite probable that in the course of the controversy some little heat has been generated, and that the grievances have not suffered diminution in the presentation. Where, however, there is so much smoke, there must be a producing cause. It is not to be denied that numerous and beneficial changes have taken place both in steam-boat and railroad travel since 1855. Time-distance has been greatly reduced. Accommodations both on sea and land have been improved. Emigrants are no longer treated like inferior beings, and in the steam-boats and steam-cars huddled together like cattle.

On another page will be found some illustrations of Castle Garden as it is. The immigrants are lying about in heaps, as may be often seen at night. In one place there is a knot of Armenian Jews, with busy Mr. Goldberg moving about among them. In the centre is the Exchange Bureau, where the immigrants get American money for their foreign notes or coin. Along the north side is the railroad pool department, where all the arrangements are made for interior transportation. A picture is given also of the boy Louis, a Polish youth, who has become a sort of indispensable about the Garden.

The arrangements, in general detail at least, are very complete. Care is taken of the immigrants from the moment the passenger vessels are boarded by the officers of the Commission of Emigration. Food is provided at prices which seem reasonable. Money is exchanged at current rates. The names are taken, and duly called out, so that there may be no mistake or disappointment with regard to letters or friends. Every assistance is given to enable the immigrant to communicate with friends. If any are sick they are transferred to the emigrant hospitals at Ward's Island. That the work done at Castle Garden is immense may be gathered from the fact that during 1886 the number of steerage passengers who landed at the port of New York was 284,885. It is undeniable, however, that Castle Garden has not kept pace with the growing requirements of the times. It is the same old building that it was in 1855, and the accommodations are in no way improved. It is governed now, as it was thirty years ago, by a Board of nine Commissioners, who are invested with almost absolute authority, and from whose decision there is no appeal; and if one-half of the complaints which are made against the Commissioners are well founded, things are not as they ought to be.

There is certainly room for improvement. It is neither a beautiful nor a wholesome sight, that which Castle Garden presents when crowded with immigrants. It too much resembles a cattle pen. Such a state of things is the more reprehensible when it is remembered that many of the immigrants have been well brought up and accustomed to tidiness and comfort. Castle Garden does not well reflect the character of these later years of the nineteenth century, and it is certainly not worthy of the port of New York. The Board is complained of even more than the building. It is said to be cumbrous, consisting of nine men, who cannot be always easily got together, and therefore in emergencies practically unworkable. It is claimed that its constitutional rights are imperfectly defined, the Board working now under the laws of the State of New York and now under the laws of the United States, and thus easily able to evade responsibility; that it is not doing that which it was called into existence to accomplish—viz., to protect and care for the immigrants until they reach their destination—the principal part of this work having been delegated to a railroad pool; and that the present methods of the Board of Commissioners, coupled with what is called "the combine," are doing injury to the reputation of the port of New York, and driving immigration, and with it other trade, to such ports as Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Quebec.

On some of these points, of course, difference of opinion exists. One Commissioner, many think, would be more efficient than nine. But the experiment has not been tried, and mismanagement might be found as compatible with one as with nine. It might also be found extremely difficult so to define the constitutional rights of such an institution as to place it absolutely under either State or Federal laws. If the pool arrangement conflicts, as it is claimed it does, with the Inter-State Commerce Law—a law which, it will be remembered, broke down the Trunk Line Traffic Association, of which the Emigrants' Clearing-house Committee was a part—it is really difficult to understand on what principle the pool is permitted. The present pool arrangement, no matter how named or how managed, is simply a survival of the Emigrants' Clearing-house Committee. It does seem hard also that under this pool arrangement the immigrant should find his through pass unavailable; that the steam-ship companies and immigration agencies should feel themselves powerless; and that the poor people who have come here trusting to contracts should be compelled to go by such railroad lines as the pool designates, and forced at the same time to submit to charges which in many cases double, and in some cases more than double, their expenses. One example may help the reader to understand the situation. A passenger for northern Minnesota, by taking advantage of the Canadian Pacific, can reach his destination at a cost not exceeding $15. Compelled by the present pool arrangement to go by way of Chicago, he finds his expenses to that point amount to $13, and for the rest of the journey amount to $25 or $27 more.

It is at once significant and suggestive that on three separate occasions the Governor of New York has attempted to overthrow the present Board of Emigration by the appointment of a single Commissioner, and that on each occasion the appointment has fallen through because of the refusal of the State Senate to confirm. Whatever the reason, it is clearly not the desire of the State Senate that there should be any change of management at Castle Garden. Public opinion, once enlightened on the subject, may demand a change.

MY SARATOGA WIDOW.

The time and place: August, 1886; Saratoga. The article in question: A young and handsome widow.

And four of us were growing very angry with each other about her—four gentlemen who had been friends for years, and who would not have believed, a week previous, that anything could interfere with their comradeship. We staid at the Grand Union—quite the proper thing for people who have no business at Saratoga except to sample the different springs, bet a few dollars on the races, and walk about the principal avenues at the fashionable hours. If I, Mr. Sebastian Selover, had confined my walks to those hours, I could not have claimed that I had the best right to the young and handsome widow. But that I did have the best right, and that any set of men not utterly perverse would have admitted it, no one who reads my story will dispute.

It was about seven o'clock one morning. I had found myself awake at a little past daylight, and unable to get another wink. I remember distinctly that the day was lovely, that the air was full of the perfume of grasses and flowers. The streets were nearly deserted. The ten thousand guests of the hotels—including three individuals whom I then called friends—were still wrapped in slumber. I had walked at least a mile, and was in a locality sparsely settled, when I heard a scream. I am not a professional novelist, and it is unlikely that I could deceive you if I tried. I may as well, therefore, admit without the usual circumlocution that it was the widow who screamed. With a gallantry which is a part of my nature I hastened toward the sound of distress. A minute later I grasped the villain by the throat, and laid my heavy walking-stick over his head, forcing him to relinquish his hold on her watch and chain, which he had tried with remarkable boldness to take in broad daylight.

I have got on too fast. Let me explain that the villain was a man. I suppose all villains are men, but this one was a hard-looking citizen—a sort of Pirate of Penzance, so to speak. He actually was of a mind at first to try conclusions with me, but two or three blows such as might have staggered an ox made him change his notion, and off he went, after giving me an ugly scowl and a muttered curse; while the widow—did I say it was the widow?—staid there with me, although at first apparently undecided whether to remain or follow his example. Talk of beauty! I've seen the belles of half the American cities, not to mention the fair ones of a dozen European capitals, but this—well, this was something different. I shall not try to describe her, for I despair of doing her justice. A good deal of the effect was undoubtedly in her magnificent complexion. There is more in complexion than most people admit. Her hair was dark and her eyes matched it well. She was neither too tall nor too slender. I couldn't tell you whether her nose was Grecian or Tuscan. I can say, however, that her bosom rose and fell "like a little billow" with her agitation, and that her nether lip trembled so violently that I expected for a minute to see tear torrents come tumbling down her cheeks.

It was love at first sight with me. I presume I showed as much in the glances I gave her, for she blushed like a Dakota sunset. She spoke first. Had it been left for me to speak first, we might have been there yet. She said I was very brave and kind, and I responded that she must not mention it. I have not the slightest doubt that I said a number of nonsensical things besides. What is a fellow to do when a thing like this comes all of a sudden into his life? I accompanied her to her destination—a large white cottage which stood, vine-embowered, in the centre of a green lawn bordered with high shrubbery. She had quite recovered her equanimity by this time, and parted from me with additional thanks, uttered with delightful unconstraint. She wasn't so deeply in love as I was. At least I don't think she was at that time.

My three friends at the hotel—soon to be changed into a trio of enemies—received me boisterously.

"What the blazes took you out-of-doors at such an hour of the night?" cried Fisher.

"By gad, he's pale as a ghost!" chimed in Kimball.

"This Saratoga water is too much for his delicate constitution," interjected Beardsley.

"Oh, shut up!" said I, throwing the expression pell-mell at the whole party. Then I went into my room, shut and locked the door, and got into a brown-study.

Yes, it was perfectly clear. Fate had smiled upon me. She was evidently destined to be mine. I turned to the mirror. My face was a trifle pale, but otherwise not so ill-looking. Then I had a very good practice for a man of thirty, and a few thousands invested in dividend-paying stocks. It would not do to hurry the matter too fast. Perhaps my predecessor had not long been dead. He couldn't have departed *very* long ago, for she wasn't a day over twenty-two.

All at once my pleasant dream was violently disturbed.

Had she a child?

Perhaps she had two!

Or three!

No. I calmed myself. Three was impossible; two not probable. One? Yes, she might have one.

Boy or girl?

I decided without hesitation that it should be a girl. I would not consent to have a boy squalling around with mumps and measles; certainly not another fellow's boy. This point settled, I felt easier. My spirits became buoyant, almost gay. Then another thought sobered me: how should I communicate with her? By letter? To what address? Did she live in the vine-embowered cottage, or was she merely making an early call when I met her? I might find out by collaring the milkman; but wouldn't that look sneaking? Probably he would take me for a rogue, and give my description to the widow and the police as a dangerous character. I thought of disguising myself as a gypsy woman and going in to tell her fortune, as Rochester in Charlotte Brontë's novel, but I gave it up in fear lest I should lack Rochester's nerve. Then I wrote several impassioned notes, but in spite of all I could do they were filled with quotations, and I didn't wish to seem like a plagiarist.

At last I reached a sage conclusion. As fate had so generously thrown me into the path of the beautiful widow, fate would eventually lead me to the consummation of my happiness. I left the issue with my stars, and went down to lunch with a light heart and an immense appetite. Fisher remarked that I looked better than I did in the morning. Beardsley and Kimball agreed with him. We had a merry time at the table, and soon after rising from it went out for our usual stroll. As we turned into Congress Park I saw to my consternation that she was there, and coming directly toward us. She was accompanied by an elderly lady. What should I do? My thoughts travelled rapidly. I felt that I had no right to presume on my hap-hazard acquaintance of the morning; and if I had been easy on that score, I lacked the moral courage to face the fire of raillery which I might expect from my companions. My mind was quickly made up, and I looked straight before me. My cheeks were aflame. Seconds seemed hours. As we met in the Park the ladies' dresses almost brushed us. I would have given worlds had I felt certain that I could lift my hat to her without offence, but I did not dare try what might prove a fatal experiment.

Then came the crash.

Each one of those wretched fellows with whom I was walking raised his hat, and both ladies gave an unmistakable inclination of the head in return.

I waited until I was sure we were far enough away, and then I turned and said, with severity, "Will you please to tell me where you made that lady's acquaintance?"

"What lady?" said Fisher.

"The lady we passed just now," I responded, with dignity.

"But I say, you know," put in Beardsley, "we met two ladies."

"He means the young widow," said Kimball.

Perhaps I should have been obliged to him for the explanation, but I wasn't.

"I never saw either of them before, to my knowledge," said Fisher, after a slight pause.

"Then why did you lift your hat to her?" I inquired, hotly.

"Habit I got into out West last year," said Fisher. "Everybody bows to everybody out there, and I can't shake off the custom. Wish I could, really."

"And you?" I continued, turning to Beardsley.

We all stood in a circle, and I can see them now looking at me.

"Why," he said, hesitatingly, "I supposed Fisher knew her, and I bowed because he did. I thought it was the proper thing."

"And you?" I went on, to Kimball.

"I always bow to any pretty woman when I get the chance," he answered, unblushingly. "What's the matter, Selover? Is she on your list?"

"It's none of your affair," I responded, furiously, "whether she is or not. She is a lady, and neither you nor any other man shall speak of her in my presence with disrespect."

Kimball smiled a little. Then he said, coolly, "I should certainly speak with no disrespect of the lady to whom we refer, as I intend to marry her this fall."

"Marry her!" I gasped. "You have just said you did not know her."

"It was Fisher who said that," corrected Kimball.

"Then you do know her?" said I, feeling a faintness coming over me.

"I won't deceive you," said Kimball. "I never saw her until a moment ago; but I shall marry her nevertheless. Listen. To-day is the 9th of August. I shall get introduced to her, say, by the 12th, and get leave to call by the 15th. I shall pop the momentous question about the 20th, and she will give me an affirmative answer on the 21st. It will take us a month or two to prepare for the wedding, the exact date of which I cannot, consequently, give you until later. Don't think I'm joking, my dear boy, for I'm not. I've been thinking seriously all the summer of settling down, and this lady has hastened my plans but a little. How blank you all look! Won't you congratulate me?" Kimball laughed at his own bad attempt at wit, but nobody joined him.

"I give you notice," said Fisher, who had become very sober during the last few moments, "that I shall be your rival. If ever a face was destined to take my heart captive, it was the one we just encountered. If you mean fair, Kimball, it's all right, and whoever she decides upon, him let it be. If you try any nonsense, you know *me*." He gave his hand to Kimball, and they closed the compact with a show of solemnity.

"But I say," protested Beardsley, "don't leave me out, you know. And here's Selover, who seems to have got hit the earliest of any of us."

"Don't think I am going to connect that lady's name with any foolery," I said, sternly.

"Her name?—what is her name?" cried all three in one breath.

"*I* don't know."

"But I say," drawled Beardsley, "you can't connect a lady's name with anything unless you find out what it is, you know."

"You have seen her before?" said Fisher, gravely.

"Yes."

"Spoken with her?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Tell me candidly, then, whether you know of any legitimate reason why I should not offer her my hand."

"Or I," "Or I," added the others.

It was beginning to look silly.

"In your professions there is more or less of levity," I answered, "while I am in the most solemn earnest. I have met this lady, talked with her, and while I have made no formal avowal I think she realizes the sincerity of my attachment. If you persist in considering the theme one worthy the tone you have adopted, we part friendship here."

They could not help seeing that I meant what I said.

"I never asserted a truer thing in my life than I do when I tell you that I mean to offer myself to this lady," said Kimball.

"Nor I," said both the others.

I turned angrily away, and went back to the hotel alone. It seemed to me that persons who did not know when a joke was out of place were unfit associates for a gentleman who had his serious moments. I took pains to avoid them during the week which followed, and I soon noticed that the estrangement had become general. Beardsley would meet Kimball without recognition, and Kimball would encounter Fisher as though he were a total stranger. I rose early every morning and strolled out by the cottage where I had left the widow, but finding that my steps were dogged by the others, I took care not to do anything which should convey to their minds the slightest information. She seemed to have given up her early walks, as I never saw her on these occasions. I took a doleful pleasure in turning suddenly and retracing my steps after passing corners, for I was sure to stumble upon my three rivals, scattered along the way, and each engaged in admiring the horizon as I appeared. I haunted the vicinity of the Congress Spring, where she did not come either, and my rivals became wildly fond of the beverage which is handed up by the small boys at that point. In the evenings I walked up and down the long piazzas of the Grand Union, with my three former associates straggling in my rear, but there were no signs of my charmer.

One day, when I had become almost desperate, I saw her out driving with the elderly lady. I threw discretion to the winds, and hastily engaging a carriage, bade the driver follow. By arranging my route I succeeded in meeting her squarely at one of the curves of the road by the lake, and I boldly raised my hat. Joy of joys! She gave me a most pleasant nod in return. But, alas! as I turned to catch the last glimpse of my divinity I saw Fisher, Kimball, and Beardsley, each in a separate carriage, and looking awfully like a procession, bowing to her also, and each receiving an answering nod. The thing was very absurd. But it gave me a sharp pain, and I drove back to the hotel.

Another week passed without progress. I encountered my late friends at every turn, each spying on the other to detect any possible advantage which might be gained by either. I could not go anywhere that they did not follow like a corps of private detectives. I even caught Beardsley looking over my shoulder once as I wrote a business letter in the public room. It was becoming unbearable.

Late one night, as I was sitting moodily in a corner of the piazza, Fisher came over and spoke my name.

"Selover?"

"Well," I responded, snappishly.

"I have a plan."

"Well?"

"We can't all have her," said Fisher, with something like a sob in his voice. "Maybe she won't accept any of us; but it's impossible to go

on as we've been going. We must make an arrangement."

"An arrangement?" I repeated.

"Yes. We must get into single file."

"How?"

"We must agree in some way who shall try his luck first, who second, and so on. If you agree, I will see the other fellows and bring them here."

At first my inclination was to indignantly reject this proposition; but there was a charm about its novelty. It was true that we were terribly in each other's way at present. If I should succeed in getting the first chance, I felt quite confident that I should win. Even if I did not, my lucky stars would watch over me—those stars which had so clearly foreshadowed my fate in this very matter. So I consented to a conference, and Fisher went to find Beardsley and Kimball.

They were not far off—the skulkers! they never were during those days—and they came sidling along, looking disagreeable enough, I thought. Fisher did most of the talking, and after several ideas had been proposed and rejected we agreed on this: we would go in a body to the first train which came the next morning, present our case to the first gentleman who alighted from the rear Pullman car, and abide by his decision.

How the others bore it I do not know, but I did not close my eyes that night. My heart was in a flutter when the train came thundering into the station. We "spotted" our man, a bright-looking gentleman about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, who looked surprised (as well he might) when we bore down upon him and preferred our singular request. We gave him no particulars at the time except that there was a lady in the case, but begged him to assign an early hour to take evidence. To our great satisfaction he appointed eleven o'clock on the same morning, and as he was to stay at our hotel, we all drove up together.

At eleven we gathered in a private parlor, and after drawing lots to see which should speak first, told our several stories. Our arbitrator, whose name turned out to be Mr. Sawyer, went at his task with great deliberation, making copious notes as the testimony proceeded. He seemed to take especial interest in each description of the handsome widow, interjecting such phrases as, "About what age should you say?" "Eyes gray or hazel?" "Plump, and fair height, eh?" I recalled these things afterward with a pang.

When my turn came I detailed my adventure with the robber—something hitherto entirely unknown to the others. I could see their envy at what must prove a strong point in my favor. And when Sawyer said, with emphasis, "The wretch! I wish I could have got one blow at him," I felt certain he would admit that I had a fair title to precedence.

"Well, gentlemen," said the arbitrator, as he folded up his papers, "it will take me a few days to decide. In the mean time I ought to see the lady, and find out, if I can do so without arousing her suspicions, whether she has a preference already formed."

"But I say," struck in Beardsley, "you must be fair, you know. Don't step in and cut out the lot of us before we get a chance to say a word in our own behalf."

"I give you my word of honor," replied Mr. Sawyer, impressively, "that I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman or an impartial judge."

His word of honor! But I anticipate.

As we walked out upon the piazza Fisher grasped Sawyer's arm and showed him the widow, who was walking on the opposite side of the street with her usual companion. Sawyer observed her carefully, and remarking that it would not be easy to mistake her, left us and went to his room.

While we were awaiting the decision which might make one of us supremely happy and the others inconceivably miserable we gradually grew to be better friends. But though we admitted that the extent of our estrangement had been uncalled for, we could not immediately resume our old cheerfulness. The suspense was too great for that.

This Sawyer was a lively fellow. We found within twenty-four hours that he had succeeded in getting an introduction to the youthful widow, and a day later we caught him taking a lunch in company with her and the elderly female. There was nothing inherently wrong in this precipitation, but I think we all felt one way about it. The next evening he walked with her for an hour, and the following morning he went with her for water to the Hathorn Spring. The elderly lady was never very far off at these times, which might have relieved us a little but for the fact that he never noticed us or offered to communicate with us in any way. Several days passed, during which we saw him with the widow and her chaperon quite too frequently. Then we held a council of war, and declared ourselves insulted.

"Let us seek him out, all of us together," said Beardsley, "and demand an explanation."

The motion passed by a unanimous vote.

One afternoon, in a by-path of the Park, we ran across Sawyer and the handsome widow alone. It was not the sort of place I should have selected for a scene, but as Sawyer came a dozen steps toward us with extended hand, Fisher, who happened to be in advance, declined to accept the welcome.

"You appear to have a very bad memory, sir," he said, very haughtily.

Mr. Sawyer looked at us, as if a little disconcerted, for a moment. Then he said: "One minute, if you please, gentlemen. Allow me to introduce to you my wife."

We all stood staring at him.

"Do you mean to tell us," blurted out Fisher, "that you have married this lady after your promise to us?"

"After?" said Sawyer. "Oh no; it was three years previously. In June, '83, wasn't it, Minnie?"

"I think so, John," said the lady, looking unnecessarily unconcerned, as it seemed to me. "But that is not so important just now as the fact that this is the gentleman"—indicating me—"of whom I spoke to you; the one that rescued me from the robber."

"Indeed," said Sawyer, with incredible dissimulation. "Then let me beg that he and his friends will favor us with their company at dinner this evening, where I can thank him more at leisure. We are stopping at the Grand Union, and my name is Sawyer."

They were gone.

We were of one opinion: We were not at all hungry, and we had seen enough of Saratoga. Just before we took the train we discovered that one of the colored waiters knew Sawyer's family. He told us that they resided somewhere "out West," and that the lady wore mourning for her mother.

No. I don't think I shall go to Saratoga this season. On the whole, I much prefer the seashore.

LINN BOYD PORTER.

BEACH MEETINGS AT SEABRIGHT.

A DECIDEDLY unique community exists at Seabright, New Jersey, altogether separate and distinct both from the holiday visitors and the village traders. It is composed of the fishermen who ply their salt-water trade on the Jersey coast during the summer months, and migrate like birds in the winter. Some four or five hundred men earn their livelihood in this way at this particular place. Many have wives and children. Altogether they form a little city, their cabins and huts being ranged along miniature streets, all leading to the sandy sea-beach, where their boats lie stranded in picturesque rows when not on duty. These fishermen have not, as a rule, found their way into the village churches. Southern negroes, Swedes, and men from all States, they have maintained a sort of independence of the resident community.

A few years ago a philanthropic lady of Seabright inaugurated a series of religious services especially for the benefit of these fishermen and their families. These have since been successfully continued every Sunday afternoon at five o'clock, and are largely attended by those for whom they are designed, as well as by the hotel guests and cottagers of this attractive neighborhood. Among the preachers who have conducted these meetings are Mr. MOODY, the evangelist, Archdeacon KIRKBY, of Brooklyn, Mr. MINGINS, of New York, Dr. GORDON, the Baptist minister from Boston, Dr. JOHN R. PAXTON and Dr. ORMISTON, of New York, and many other prominent and eloquent divines; in fact, no city churches enjoy a higher order of ministrations than are secured to the attendants upon the beach meetings at Seabright. They are held upon the sandy shore, a simple platform with an awning serving for pulpit. The scene while the services are in progress is picturesque and striking, the sea, the boats, the sugar-loaf ice-houses of the fishermen, the cottages, the men, women, and children lounging on the sand, and the speaker on the rostrum, forming together a combination not elsewhere to be seen. All denominations of Christians unite in the encouragement of these meetings, and the benefits derived from them are already apparent.

YACHTING.

IT may be taken as the general rule that no two or more yachts, if of anything like the same size, and if bound in the same direction, ever meet without an actual, if not a formal, race. He who has a fast boat delights in displaying her speed to the discomfiture of his fellow-yachtsmen. The victor has his success for his reward. He who is defeated readily consoles himself with many excellent reasons for the result. He is under-rigged; some sail needs alteration; he has too much or too little ballast, or it is wrongly placed; it is just the other fellow's wind, and if the wind had been more or less, the result would have been different—and so on. It is doubtful if ever a yacht of fair speed has been beaten by one of near her own size without the defeated owner being able to explain the why and the wherefore by reasons quite apart from the actual merits of the boats themselves. The true yachtsman and his friends are loyal to the craft they sail on to the very last degree. Severe and long-continued indeed must have been the reverses which will bring a yachtsman to admit even to himself that his yacht has not within her the possibilities of any other of like size. At present she may be inferior, but if he only chose to make certain alterations, then he would show the other fellow a clean pair of heels.

Nor does the history of yachting leave him altogether without justification in this course. The difference of possible speed between yachts of like size and of recent construction is, after all, not so very great. They are all fast boats. There is no such margin of speed in any of them as to admit of indifferent handling or the neglect of any of the resources of the sail-maker's art. Again, designer, builder, and sail-maker may do all that man can do, but their efforts must be supplemented by equal skill on the part of him who is to handle the yacht, or she will never take a leading position among such boats as may at present be found enrolled in numbers in any of the leading yacht clubs. Few will deny that the schooners and sloops of to-day are faster and better boats than those of even ten years ago. But while it may not be so generally admitted that the men who now sail them are more skilled than those of the generation last past, it may well be questioned whether it is not full as true.

The illustration which suggests this article represents, and vividly represents, one of the most exciting phases of yachting life. He who has himself been in the position delineated will not limit the picture by the margin the artist has assigned. He will see the yachts stretching down to the mark-boat, the big sloops in the front, each doing all that racing skill can devise and willing hands execute to squeeze the last possible foot of speed out of the flying craft. The fastest knows it has no margin of speed to throw away; the slowest hopes that recent alterations and careful preparation for the contest have placed victory within her reach.

For some time clouds have hung upon the western horizon, hazy and undefined below, but above, as hard-edged as though hewn from ice. Until the last half-hour they have looked innocent enough to all but the weather-wise. Now they grow each instant more gloomy and massive, and creep toward the zenith with a speed which could hardly fail to excite the apprehension of a child. Aboard the racing sloops every eye wanders first to that inky pall of gathering cloud, and then aloft to where the great club-topsail seems almost to scrape the sky. In the light air that then prevails it is a power for good; but when it comes on to blow, no sail in the whole trousseau of a racing yacht is so difficult to handle. To win, no possible inch of speed should be sacrificed. The sail is still a pulling sail, and therefore cannot be spared. But prudence insists that if the promise of the sky is redeemed, and the coming squall strikes before that club-topsail is in, nothing can save the topmast. To lose that spar is to lose the race. Cripples can have no place in such company. So each boat earnestly watches its competitors, only too ready to follow, but very reluctant to begin, a change which, however prudent it may be, will certainly place at disadvantage the boat which makes it before it becomes absolutely necessary.

Every other precaution against the coming squall is, however, taken. The sheets of the head-sails are brought across the deck and made fast up to windward, and a picked hand is stationed at each of them, as well as at that of the mainsail. Then all is quiet again, except the quick eye of the sailing-master, which never for a moment rests. Every man aboard knows that a crisis is at hand, and with bated breath awaits the issue. At last, some half a mile on the weather beam, the water suddenly turns black as ink. "There comes the wind! Stand by your club-topsail! In with it, boys; in with it lively!" The crew have awaited the order for the last ten minutes, and they spring to their stations and go at its execution with a will. Though they need no urging, still the oft-repeated, "Lively, lads; in with it lively!" shows how urgent is the need of haste. The order has been well timed. Not one instant's effective use of the sail has been lost, while hardly has it settled below the gaff, so that the topmast is safe, before the squall strikes. Though before the blow the yacht lies over until her lee rail is far under water, it is but for an instant. The sails are at once eased off, thus converting a portion of the power which tended to force her over into power tending to drive her ahead. She recovers herself in part, and darts forward amid one smother of foam. This is the moment of the accompanying illustration.

COLOROW.

CHIEF COLOROW, the instigator of the outbreak of Ute Indians in Colorado, and leader of those who are now on the war-path in the vicinity of the town of Meeker, is about seventy years old, some five feet eight inches in height, and weighs as much as two hundred and twenty-five pounds. Moreover, he is so deaf that it is necessary to shout in talking to him in order to make him hear. He is nevertheless a person of influence, and the bucks who make up his following are active and able men.

There are two accounts of the origin of the Ute outbreak. One has it that the Indians were unfairly treated in a horse-race. They are accustomed to have a horse-race with the white men in Meeker every year, and the agreement is that the losing horse shall go as a prize to the winning owners. This year the Indians won, and although it was their first victory, the losing horse was withheld from them, it is said, whereupon they promptly abstracted it, were pursued into the mountains, and the outbreak resulted. The other account attributes the outbreak to the opposition of the Indians to the enforcement of the game-laws.

After the MEEKER massacre in 1879 the Utes were transferred to the Uintah Reservation in Utah, but COLOROW disliked the change, and abandoned the Reservation almost as soon as he got there. He returned to the White River country, which is a much better one for game, and has hunted and traded about Meeker ever since. At the beginning of the outbreak he had a following of forty lodges, but others have since joined him, and at last accounts he was in command of 150 or 200 bucks. These were all provided with Winchester repeating rifles and abundant ammunition, and considering the wild, mountainous country in which they were at large, made an enemy not to be despised by the sheriffs, the seventy-five volunteer cow-boys, and the one or two hundred State troops who were after them. Militia from Denver and other towns in the State were guarding Meeker, which is a town of 400 inhabitants, two days by stage from the railroad.

On August 25 news was received that COLOROW and his force had been surrounded in the Pothole country, fifty miles from Meeker, and that Governor ADAMS had set out from Denver for the scene of action. Although surrounded, it was considered that COLOROW was established in a very strong position, from which it would be difficult to dislodge him. It was reported that he had refused to confer with anybody but the Governor. On August 25 Mr. MULDOON, Acting Secretary of the Interior at Washington, telegraphed to Governor ADAMS that it was believed in Washington that if hostile demonstrations against COLOROW should be suspended, and the chief should be assured against attack, he and his followers could be induced to return to the Reservation, and that with the Governor's concurrence the United States government would immediately enter upon the attempt to bring such a result about.

COLOROW is not at all popular among the whites, although a good many of his followers are accounted "good" Indians. He is described by a ranchman near Meeker as "a good general, a good shot, a beggar, a glutton, and an assassin." Another description makes him "crazy, dirty, and obnoxious." He has his opinion of the white men. To a ranchman who told him the whites were thick as grass on the mountains he replied, "White man heap talk, heap no fight." He was present at the MEEKER massacre, and at the slaughter of Major THORNBURG and his troops which followed. Of Major THORNBURG and his soldiers he said, "White soldiers heap fools—all bunch up." His form of greeting is, "What's the matter?" Coming begging to a ranchman one day, he said: "What's the matter? Me heap hungry, heap tired. No coffee." Having been fed, he rose, and observed, "Maybe so, two sleeps, COLOROW come back, burn house, hay, corral, shoot white man, white man's pony." COLOROW'S original following owned 800 horses and 2000 sheep, which always moved along with the Indians in their roamings. The chief's right-hand man is MOSKOWIS, usually called "Gus." He is reputed a "good" Indian, and is liked by the whites. He is a "medicine-man," forty-five years of age.

CAMDEN AND ROCKLAND.

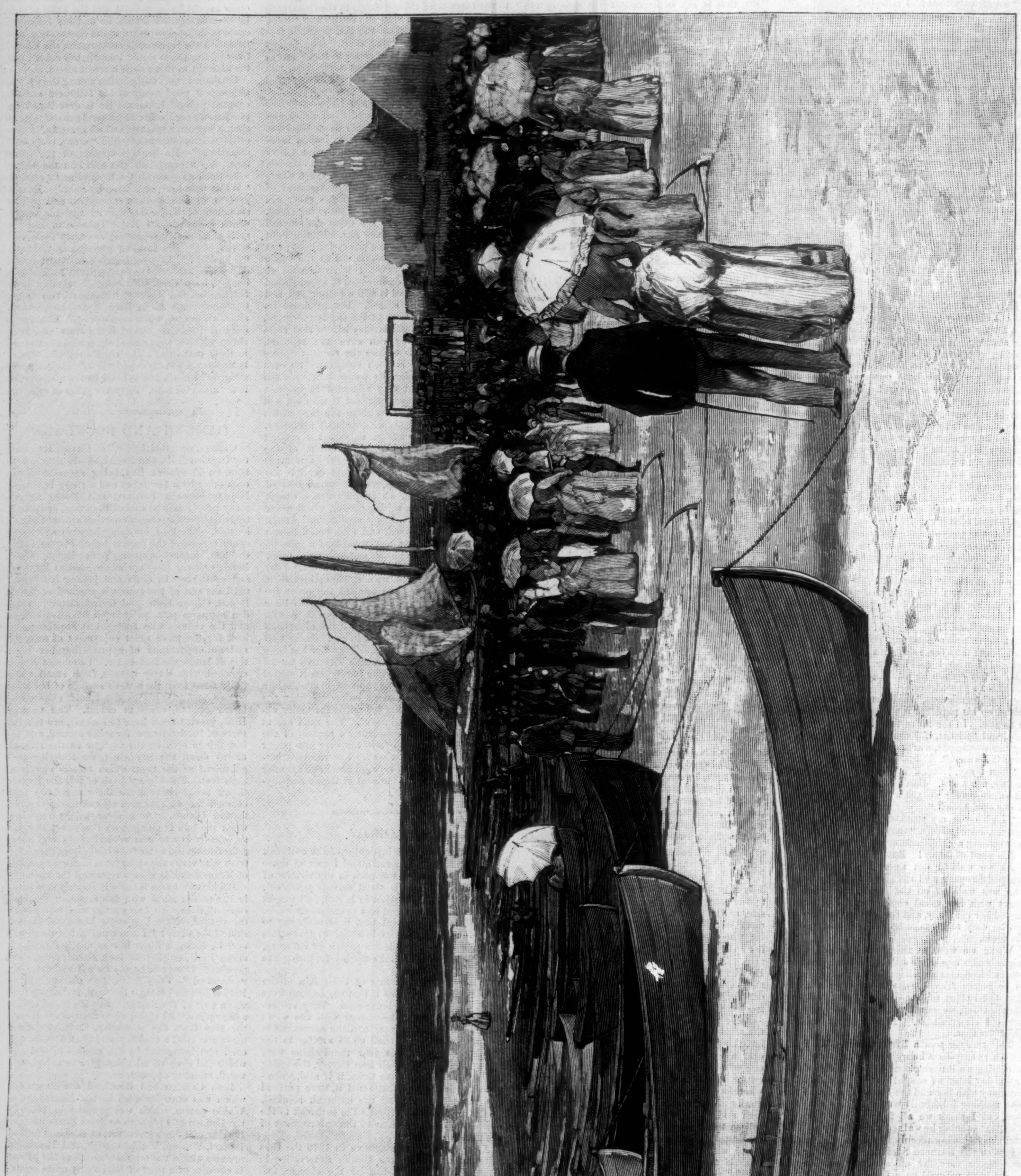
CAMDEN, or "Bedabedec," as CHAMPLAIN called the Camden Hills, and Rockland are near neighbors on Penobscot Bay, being separated from each other by a few miles and a rocky headland. Midway between Portland and Mount Desert, many people stop at one or the other, or both, in transit, but as watering-places they are hardly fashionable. The long, low-lying beaches which are characteristic of the resorts below Portland (Old Orchard, Kennebunkport, York Beach, Wells Beach, and the like) are superseded at Portland and northward by cliffs and jutting headlands, until the end of the gamut is reached at Mount Desert, Campo Bello, and Grand Menan. Camden supports principally small boarding-houses, and the visitors who frequent it are those who look for the more quiet enjoyment of summer, and an opportunity of appreciating her beauties of landscape and water. Penobscot Bay is crowded with lovely islands, from small rocky projections from the water's surface of but a few square feet in area to the island children of larger growth, acres in extent. The Camden Hills, wooded from base to summit, are the features of the landscape for miles around, and the last things seen by the voyager as the steamer moves down the bay are those towering twin guardians of the town which nestles closely at their feet. The highest peak of this the Megunticook range rises above the water 1400 feet, commanding an extensive view of the bay and its myriad islands. On a clear bright morning, when the sun is shining on Penobscot Bay, yet sufficiently low to cast cool shadows and warm reflections in the water from the islands, the pedestrian who views the sight from high on the cliffs of Megunticook is always rewarded for his trip.

Rockland's name is more intimately connected in the public mind with the famous "Portland cement" than with her gentler and less practical virtues. New England's historian, DRAKE, said of the place: "I know not if Rockland will ever be finished, for it is continually disembowelling itself, coining its rock foundations, until perchance it may some day be left without a leg to stand on." The city is not an old one. Up to 1848 it had no place on the map, and at one time was a part of Thomaston. But Rockland is now a busy place. At night, when the town is at rest, the fires from the lime-kilns, their lurid glow thrown against a cool sky, and the effect heightened and intensified by the masses of shadows which fall deep on all sides, give to the place a weird, uncanny appearance.

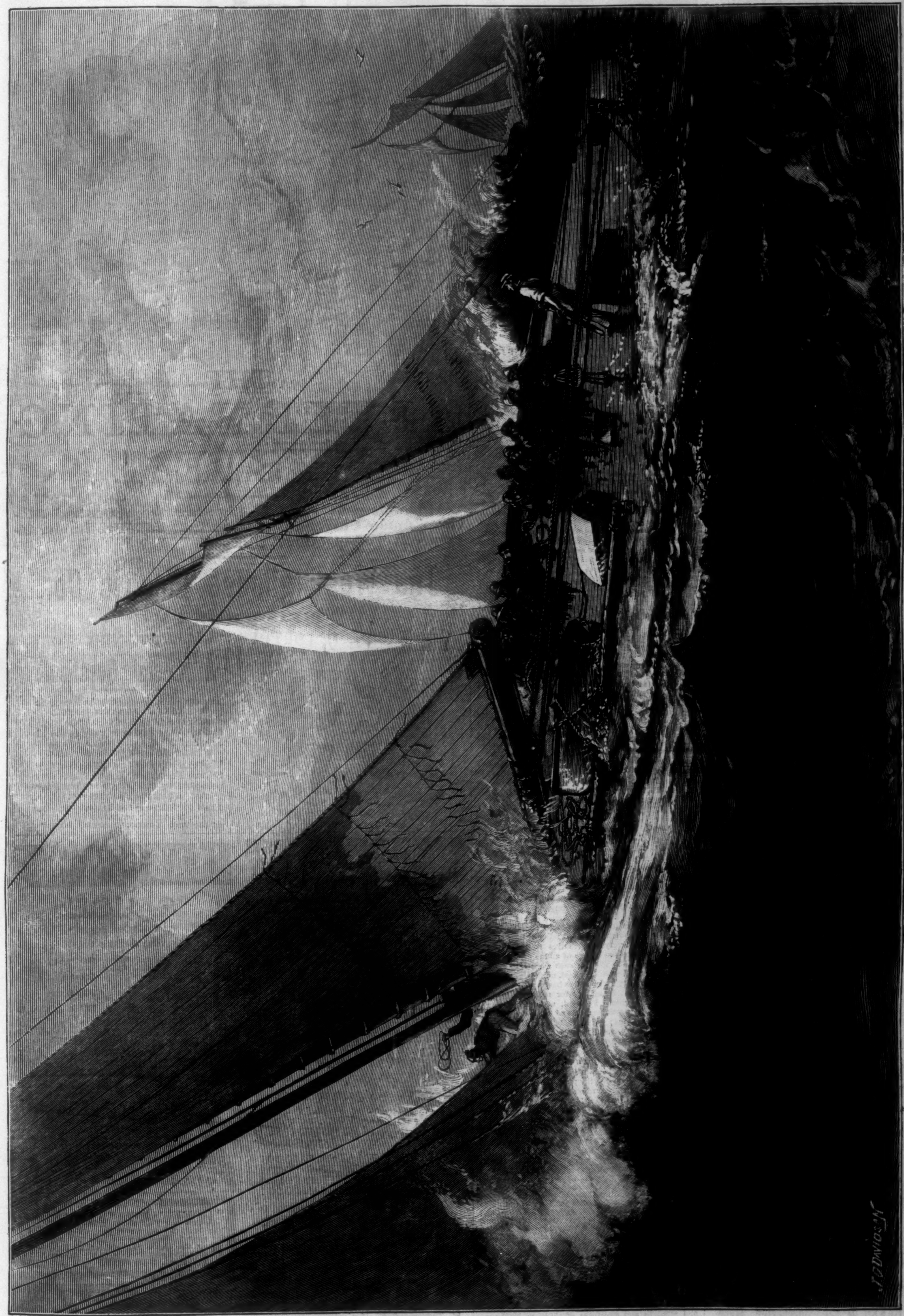
Both Camden and Rockland are on ground which was once included in the Muscongus or Waldo patent, which was granted in 1630 by the Council of Plymouth to JOHN BEAUCHAMP, of London, and JOHN LEVERETT, of Boston, England. Belfast, Warren, Waldoborough, and Thomaston are also within the original bounds of the patent. It consists of a tract of land thirty miles square, extending between the Muscongus and Penobscot, and to the west and north as far as the Kennebec patent. The patent was divided, for purposes of settlement, into ten shares, the ten proprietors assigning two-thirds of it to twenty associates.

Camden now has a population of about five thousand people, a bank, newspaper office, several churches, and in addition to a large export trade in lime, is interested in the manufacture of anchors, capstans, pumps, and woollen goods.

Rockland is the capital of Knox County, and as such is invested with the conveniences and advantages of a city. Numerous churches, a fine County Court-house, together with a Custom-house and Post-office building which cost $175,000, add much to the architectural merits of the city. Lime, despite the important part it plays in Rockland, is not the only article of commerce. Quarries of excellent granite are close at hand, and it was from these that the granite came for use in the Post-office buildings of New York and Cincinnati, the Custom-house of St. Louis, etc. Ship-building is still carried on here, although in late years there has been considerable depression in the industry at these as well as the other ship-yards along the coast. It is estimated that one million casks of good lime are annually exported from Rockland.



PREACHING ON THE SANDS AT SEABRIGHT.—DRAWN BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.—[SEE PAGE 635.]



RACING SLOOP YACHTS SHORTENING SAIL BEFORE A SQUALL.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 635.]

A SEASON SONG.

Our orchards are ripe, our vines are bending
Low in the sun down their purpling rows;
The keen-edged stroke of the sickle descending
Severs the corn,
And the breath of the morn
Is as rich as the wine from the press that flows.

The stubble slopes of the grain fields glisten
With a tinge like gold as the fleet days pass;
The wind-harp's music you hear, if you listen,
Murmuring low,
Now swift, now slow,
And a russet stain lies over the grass.

Through wine and orange the woods' leaves shading
Have painted the land like a lovely fire;
Oh, how can it be that the old year's fading,
When it blooms anew
With each royal hue
That the soul of an artist could well desire?

There's a muffled sound as of nuts down-dropping,
And the ring far away of a lively flail;
The sweet June hay from the mows is cropping,
And the dun cows wait
At the barn-yard gate,
While the chore-boy lags with the milking-pail.

The days shrink shorter, the nights grow chilly,
The wood-pile swells to enormous size;
The winnowed grain from the slant fields hilly
Goes down the hill
To be ground in the mill,
And the farmer waits for a crop-price rise.

Now gay is the land as with rollicking laughter;
There's a *tang* in the air that abolishes ills.
Away with thought, though care follow after!
There's no time for sighing
While autumn is flying,
With fruits in the orchards and nuts on the hills.

ESTELLE THOMSON.

A GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER TROUBLES.

A famous physician, many years ago, formulated a preparation which effected remarkable cures of liver diseases, bile, indigestion, etc., and from a small beginning there arose a large demand and sale for it, which has ever increased until, after generations have passed, its popularity has become world-wide. The name of this celebrated remedy is COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

To such travelled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. *But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.*

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with *indigestion or any bilious or liver trouble* should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should *ask for them* of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.—[*Adv.*]

DON'T LAUGH AT NERVOUS PEOPLE.

THEIR sufferings are very real, although you, with your vigorous physique and strong nerves, can scarcely believe it. Rather suggest the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in removing every trace of dyspepsia, and regulating the liver and bowels, strikes at and extirpates the most prolific cause of chronic nervous trouble. That nerve-shattering disease, fever and ague, is among the formidable ailments, to the removal of which this genial remedy is specially adapted. Nervous prostration, resulting from prolonged mental or physical effort, is also a state of the system where the intervention of this tonic is very desirable, more particularly as its use is to quiet and relax the tension of overwrought nerves. The Bitters are invaluable in rheumatism, neuralgia, and kidney troubles. Employ no substitute for it.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FLAVOR your drinking water with ten to twenty drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, and you will avoid all danger of the impurities which unfortunately abound in our water supply.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

POINTS OF BEAUTY IN THE HAND DENOTING GENTLE BIRTH.

ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS OF BEAUTIFYING THE HANDS.

"IN FAITH, 'TIS A FAIR HAND!"
Merchant of Venice.

IT was Lord Byron who declared nothing more distinctive of gentle birth than the hand, and that it is almost the only sign of blood which aristocracy can generate; although the poet's prejudices may have been strengthened by the assurance that Ali Pacha would have known him anywhere for a great personage by the smallness of his hands.

But it is not small size alone that gives the hand beauty; shape, color, and texture are points of even greater moment; and, despite the poet, care can generate these points equally with aristocracy. Antony's friend tells of the silken touches of the flower-soft hands of Cleopatra's gentlewomen. "I take thy hand, this hand, as soft as dove's down, and as white," says the lover of Perdita. And Tennyson paints Aphrodite "with rosy, slender fingers." The Greeks had formulas reducing the hand's outlines to rule; but we recognize loveliness without formula, where the wrist is slender, the shape long and narrow, the skin white and soft, and the finger-tip rosy and taper. Gower sums it all in singing—

"When she weaved the sleided silk,
With fingers long, small, white as milk."

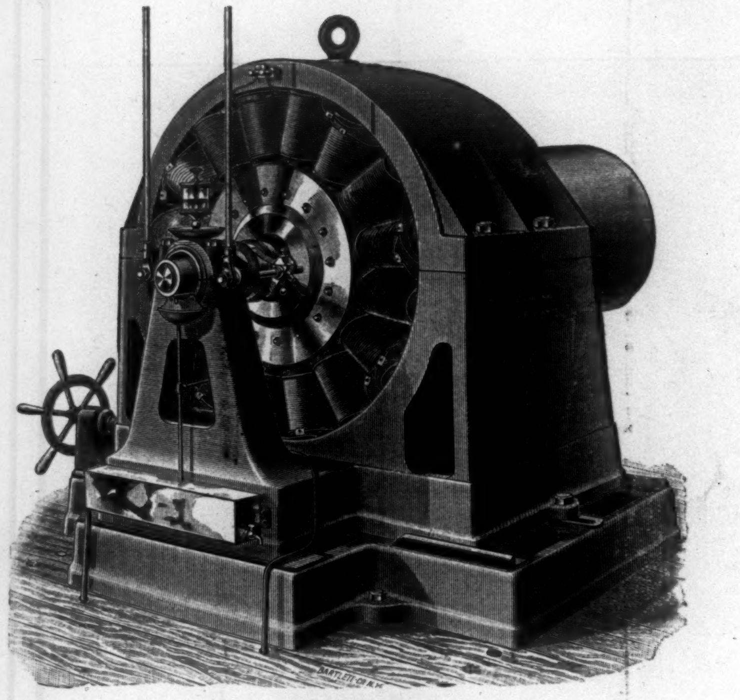
Most of this loveliness can be cultivated by daily use of fit toilet appliances, especially of any ointment or delicate soap that quickens the pores and the oil-glands, thus securing whiteness and elasticity, and destroying discolorations.

The shape of the hand is always characteristic. Lavater told Goethe that passing the velvet bag, during the offertory in church, looking only at the hands, he became convinced of the individuality of each giver. In Titian's portrait of Paul IV., the talon-like fingers could belong to no other than a grasping old man. And from the hand that Vandyke loved to paint, a dreamer might reconstruct the whole nature of the idle court of the Stuarts, as Cuvier or Agassiz could give us the creature from the bone, the fish from the scale. From this idea has risen the science of palmistry, which pronounces the taper finger-end to be the idealist's and inseparable from high development.

The Roman woman, who never wore a glove, knew well the value of the hand as an adjunct of beauty, whether displayed on harp or lute, or in that gesticulation of which Cicero spoke as the subtle devices of the fingers, which Ovid forbade to thick fingers, and which was carried to the extent of making pantomime a language taught by masters. Great actresses use it as a vehicle of expression. Mrs. Siddons, studying the carved Egyptian gods, learned that the arms hung by the side and the hands clinched told intense feeling, and Rachel in Phædra portrayed passionate self-control with the same gesture. If then such capacity slumber in the hand, it is fitting the hand should be kept at its highest excellence.

The women in history, famous for beautiful hands, are few; idleness and luxury alone will not produce this beauty, and the medicinal soap that will produce it, by freeing and opening the vessels of the skin, is a modern invention. Yet Anne of Austria, who ruled France for her magnificent son, Louis Quatorze, and led great ministers captive, did it with a hand so white that men were proud to kiss it; and Poppæa held the heart of Nero through the enchantment of her hand, as Vivien with spell of waving hands bound Merlin in his forest sleep. But in poetry the lovely hand is always beckoning. How exquisite is the charm of Iseult of the White Hand, in the Arthurian legends; and how fondly Romeo sighs over the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand! What jewels send their glitter down the ages from these beautiful hands! Who, looking at Darnley's still treasured troth-ring with Mary, Queen of Scots, does not see the ghostly fingers that interchanged it, or at sight of the blue enamel and onyx, which the dying Essex sent Elizabeth, does not shape from its ashes again that long hand of the Virgin Queen, who, when Raleigh wrote with his ring on the window-pane, "Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall," answered with her diamond signet, "If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all!"

It is ungracious to speak of beautiful hands to those whose hands are disfigured by roughness and vulgar redness, chaps and fissures, thickened and scaly skin, shapeless nails, painful finger-ends, and unsightly stains, unless prepared to suggest relief or prevention. But in days when everything resolves itself into advertisement, one fears the charge of undue preference or gratuitous notice in making such suggestions. Yet among the various nostrums used, none have yet been found satisfactory; for glycerine has proved a positive injury, since, with its affinity for moisture, it dries rather than mollifies. Palm-oil, which enters into most French cosmetic soaps, is so easily decomposed as to be dangerous; tar is sufficiently irritating to create cutaneous diseases; the various brans are trivial; cucumber juice is nonsensical as June dew, and almond emulsion has proved a delusion; most if not all known mixtures are either inert or owe their activity to the disguised presence of mercury or other mineral poisons. In fact, the only trustworthy purifier and beautifier of the skin, tested by every resource of science and practice, has proved to be the Cuticura Medicated Toilet Soap. This marvellous skin beautifier, and toilet, bath, and nursery sanative, contains, in a modified form, the medicinal properties of Cuticura, combined with fascinating flower-scents, and is absolutely free from any corrosive or dangerous substance whatsoever. It soothes, whitens and softens, absorbs all poisonous or irritating elements, destroys scales, redness, and tan, and with its own delicious odor imparts a velvety surface and shell-like transparency. Purifying the pores, and invigorating the glands and their tubes, this exquisite agent furnishes outlets for the effete matter which otherwise creates eczema, rashes, and inflammations, and is thus a preventive of all eruptions, blotches, and sores, while its continuous action on the natural lubricators of the skin, aided by occasional use of Cuticura itself, keeps the surface soft, flexible, and in the pure and perfect tint of health. Under its effect the working-girl's hands, or those accustomed to roughening acids, or to the handling of arsenic-stained paper, may become and remain smooth and fair, and while its use is a luxury, it is still so potent that one marvels if Lady Macbeth would have cried out, "Not all the perfumes of Arabia will sweeten this little hand," had she known in her day of the virtue and strength and sweetness of Cuticura Medicated Toilet Soap.



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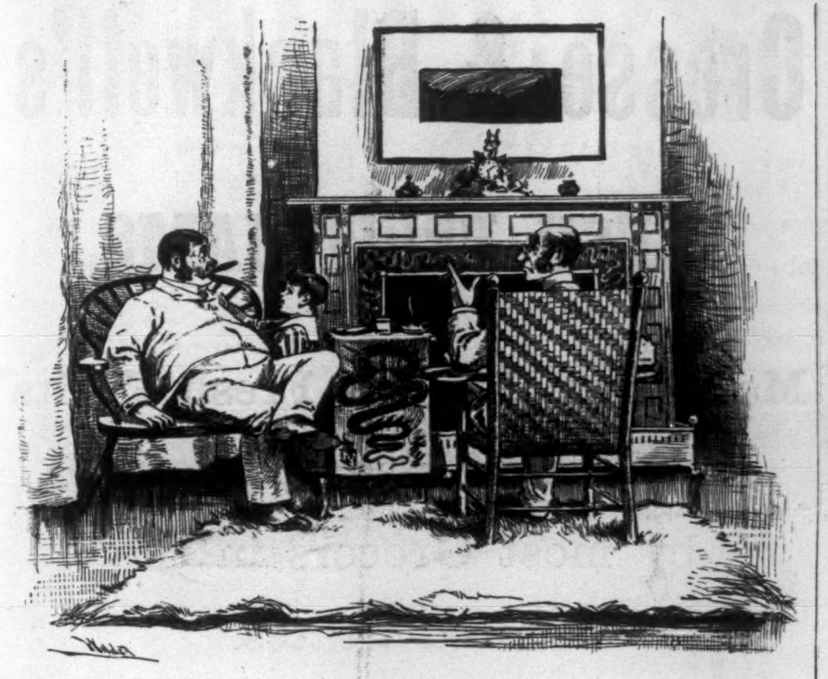

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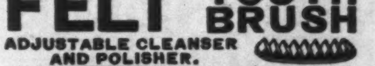

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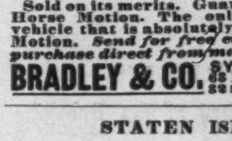

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